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CONDITIONS AND PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

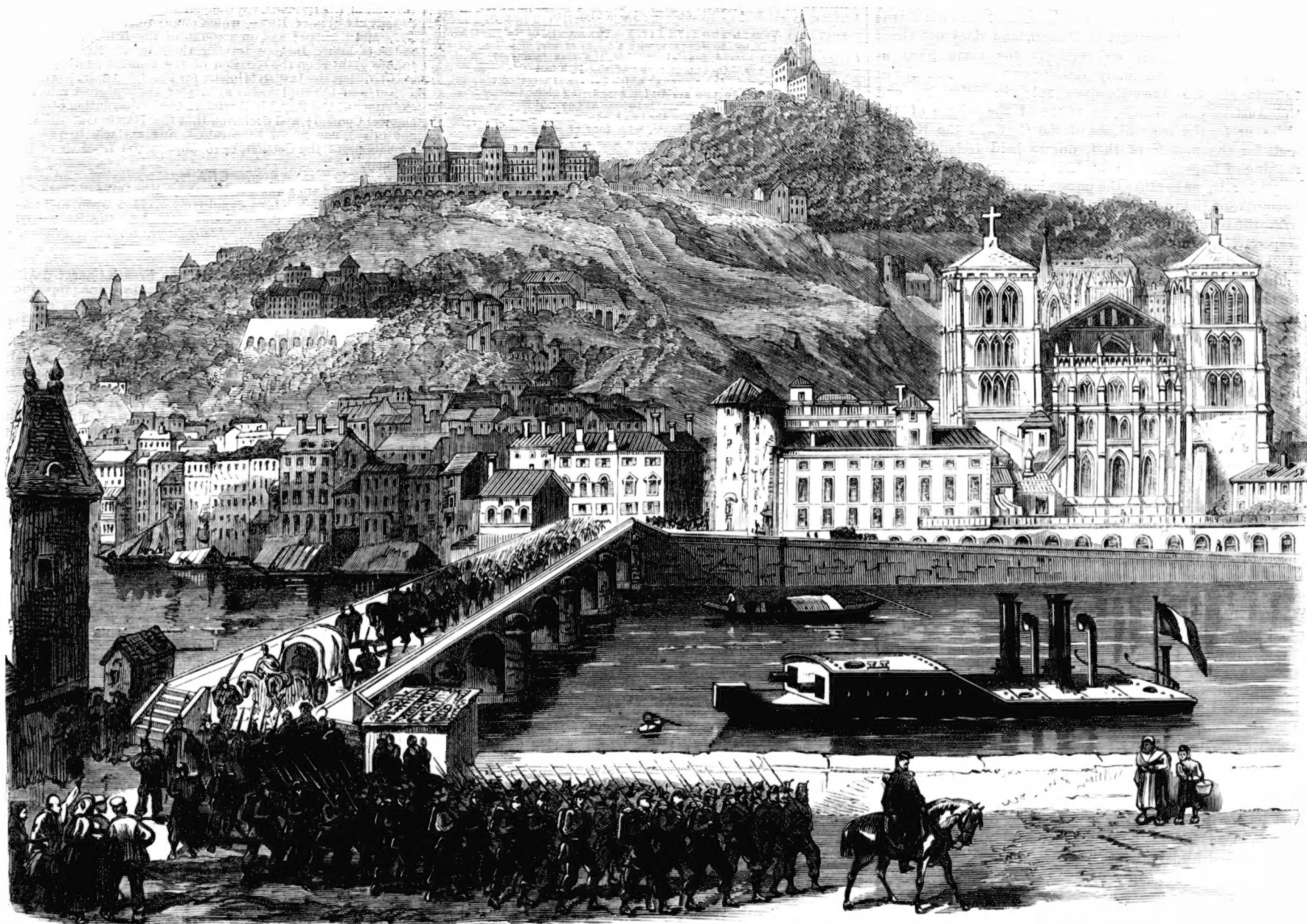
"Tut! man, take it; but don't crush my collar," said, once upon a time, a demure Scottish lassie to her sweetheart when he asked her for a kiss. An answer similar in substance might just now be returned by France to the demands of Germany. Count Bismarck claims a cession of territory, in order, as he thinks, to give Germany a more secure frontier line; and France, through M. Jules Favre or M. Thiers—the only persons even seemingly in a position to speak for her at present—might reply, "Tut! man, take it; but don't outrage our sense of honour by asking us to give what we have no power to withhold." Some people, indeed, fancy they can discover in the utterances of the representative of the French Government of Defence such an answer already given, in effect. M. Favre protests that he will never cede an inch of territory nor a stone of a fortress. But, it is said, if they are taken, how can he help it?—might he not acquiesce in an accomplished fact?—and, further, would not France acquiesce also, much as she now proclaims her determination to resist? Besides, have not the Germans practically taken what they want? They have overrun, and really hold, the greater part of Alsace and Lorraine; Strasbourg, Toul, and Schelestadt are in their hands; Metz has just fallen; Bazaine and his army now share the fate of M. Mahon and his forces; and as for the smaller fortresses, such as Bitsche, Phalsbourg, Montmédy, and Thionville, they cannot choose but succumb like their neighbours so soon as the necessary degree of pressure, from bombardment or hunger, is brought to bear upon them. True, in the coveted territory, there are still scattered a few detached bands of irregular combatants; but it would

cost King William's armies but small trouble to clear the country of them, and then Germany would have all she demands. As it is proverbially easier to have than to draw, Count Bismarck might be content with keeping possession of the districts he wants, and leave the French to drive him out—if they can; which there is very little present probability of their being able to do.

But for the siege of Paris, therefore, there seems no necessity for Germany prosecuting the war further, except on the defensive, or for troubling herself one whit as to whether France consents to peace and a cession of any territory whatever. Had the German armies never passed the boundaries of Alsace and Lorraine, Count Bismarck and Von Moltke might snap their fingers in the faces of all the statesmen, all the orators, all the generals, and all the armies (imaginary or real) France could muster, and tell them to come and take back the conquered provinces if they dare. But that siege of Paris is the difficulty. It has been begun, and it cannot be abandoned without a sacrifice of honour and a seeming flight of the Prussian eagle from the spurs of the Gallic cock. And, as the said Gallic cock would be pretty sure to crow lustily over the retreat of the eagle, we cannot much blame the Germans if they stickle over the point of honour, and decline to look upon it, like Falstaff, as a "mere 'scutcheon." For the same reason, we sympathise with the French in their reluctance to incur the odium of ceding territory that has long been French, and of abandoning people who have for centuries been their countrymen, and who, so far as appears, have no desire to transfer their fealty. The point of honour comes in here also; and, how-

ever inconvenient its dictates may sometimes be, that same point of honour is not a mere empty word. It has a power over men's minds, and cannot be safely disregarded. Besides, a definitive peace, of some sort, at some time or other, and not a chronic state of war, is necessary for both nations.

From what we have said, it may readily be inferred that we place but slight trust in the negotiations for peace that are said to be in progress, and to have been initiated at the instance of her Majesty's Government. We wish success to those negotiations; but we are forced to confess, with sadness, that our wishes are still much stronger than our hopes. Bismarck, we suspect, is not much inclined to abate his demands; he will still, we doubt not, insist upon the "rectification of frontier" in Germany's favour which he has already claimed; and General Moltke, we are persuaded, will be equally disinclined to retire from before Paris and to play the passive game of "I hold and you draw" suggested above. France, as all the world knows, is not yet convinced that she is beaten—at least, not so thoroughly beaten as to have no choice save to submit to whatever terms her opponent chooses to exact. She may be so practically; but she does not know it, and no one seems to have the courage to tell her. Paris is still unsubdued—indeed, has not yet been really attacked; Bitsche, Phalsbourg, Montmédy, to the minds of Frenchmen, seem impregnable; armies of the Loire, of the Rhone, and elsewhere, and the feats they are preparing to achieve, are yet unquestioned articles in the faith of France. She still dreams of victory; she has still faith in her star; she still thinks it possible to drive the invader from her soil. In short, Germany is deter-



LYONS, THE CAPITAL OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE RHONE.

mined to have a slice of French territory; France is resolved not to yield it; and, while her capital remains uncaptured, we doubt if she ever will consent to contract her frontier. The German leaders know this too, and, however Count Bismarck may temporise about an armistice and peace, General Moltke must feel that the only way to convince Frenchmen that they are beaten is to occupy their capital; and so for the possession of Paris Moltke will continue to strive, let Bismarck amuse M. Thiers with negotiations as he may. We honour and approve the efforts of Lord Granville and the Ministers of the other neutral Powers in the cause of peace, and we trust they will not cease to employ them now or as future opportunities may permit; but, as yet, we cannot flatter ourselves that the end is near—we can see no sufficient light in the war cloud to warrant a hope of speedy pacification. It is, perhaps, the worst symptom for peace that the Germans are so calm. They look forwards; they see what is before them, and they quietly prepare to face it. The *Times*' correspondent at Versailles writes:—"An officer possessed of one of the clearest intellects in the army before Paris, a man of a calm, evenly-balanced mind, who studies men and things deeply, thinks that after the army of Metz has surrendered and Paris has yielded, the war may still go on, for the simple reason that there is no Government entitled to treat for peace, no central authority, or any authority to ensure the obedience and adherence of the population, and a popular or patriotic furor in places which have not felt the pressure of war to continue a struggle which in a military sense becomes more desperate every day." Alongside of this, place the subjoined passage from a recent article in *La France*, written in view of possible negotiations, and say what hope of peace there can be between parties animated by a spirit so hostile:—"We must be fully convinced of the perils of a peace made without being sufficiently watered with blood. As war has been let loose in our unfortunate country, let us make it so terrible to our invaders that they will quit their intention of beginning it another day; and—let us remember well—the more we are decided to continue with vigour the war, the more our enemies will seek us to make peace."

On what, indeed, are our Ministers or those of Russia and Austria to base their arguments and counsels to either belligerent? Are they to advise France to submit to what she deems dishonour? Are they to tell her that she is over-punctilious on that subject, and counsel her to follow a course they would themselves be apt to shrink from if in like case? Can Lord Granville, for instance, call upon France to submit to sacrifices and to bear a burden of humiliation which Great Britain, if in the position of France, would loathe to touch even with her little finger? On the other hand, is any one of the three Powers said to be taking action in this matter in a position to preach exceptional moderation to Germany? Has Russia, Austria, or England set an example of such moderation in times past? Have they not each and all used their rights of conquest, and annexed territory they deemed useful to their safety or influence? Do not Russia and Austria hold portions of Poland, and does not Great Britain hold Ireland, on precisely the same pleas as those on which Germany demands Alsace and North Lorraine? Do the Russians rule in Warsaw, and the Austrians in Galicia, in virtue of the wishes of the Poles, or for the convenience of the Czar and the Kaiser? and, for the matter of that, do we hold Ireland (to say nothing of large portions of India) because the Irish love English rule, or because the possession of the Green Isle is deemed essential to the safety and comfort of Great Britain? Were the Irish, and the Polish subjects of Austria and Russia, respectively permitted the privilege of a plebiscite, we doubt if the existing political connections of either would long endure. And what the neutral Powers have not practised themselves, they are scarcely in a position to preach, much less to prescribe, to Germany.

So much as to the rights of conquest and the practices of Governments. The rights of peoples and the wisdom of annexing unwilling subjects are totally different affairs. We hold it to be unjust, and we think it unwise, to force political relations upon a people against their will, whatever pretexts for the act may be adduced; and we doubt much whether Germany, in annexing part of France, may not be gaining a loss—acquiring a source of weakness and an element of danger rather than of strength and security. But, according to received laws of conquest and the practices of nations, that is the affair of the conqueror; Germany alone is entitled to judge the question, as she alone will have to endure the consequences of her decision. At all events, it is not for neutral Powers to dictate either as to what Germany shall demand or what France ought to yield, though they may, and ought to, offer friendly counsel to both. And then Count Bismarck may well feel some confidence as to his power of conciliating people whom he began by coercing. Only four years ago a large portion of Germany was strongly inimical to Prussian sway; Hanover, Bavaria, Saxony, and other parts of the Fatherland, fought against the leadership of the House of Brandenburg and the policy of Count Bismarck; and now they are heart and soul with King William and his Minister. As those States were, so is Alsace and Lorraine now; and as those States are now, so may Alsace and Lorraine be a few years hence. This may not justify the compulsory incorporation of French-speaking people into Germany, but it may reasonably encourage King William and his advisers to undertake the task of attempting the re-Germanising of Alsacians and Lorrainers.

AT TOURS a young girl in fantastic garb, calling herself a successor of Jeanne d'Arc, and carrying a flag with the Holy Virgin, is trying to inspire the troops.

LYONS.

LYONS, or more properly Lyon, the second city of France, the chief seat of her manufactures, and the capital of the department of the Rhone, is situated on a tongue of land inclosed between the Rhone and the Saône, 235 miles south-west from Paris. It is surrounded by a rampart, and is more remarkable for its trade than for the elegance of its appearance. The streets are dark and gloomy, except in the more modern parts of the town, such as the square of Louis le Grand and the quays along the Rhone, where they display considerable architectural beauty. Of the public buildings the most noted are the Hôtel de Ville, or townhall, and the large hospital called Hôtel Dieu. The cathedral of St. Jean, one of the oldest churches in France, is a large and magnificent Gothic building; and the church of Ainay deserves attention as a relic of antiquity, standing, as it does, over dungeons in which many of the early Christians suffered imprisonment previous to undergoing martyrdom. Of the other churches of the city, those of the Chartreux, St. Irenæus, and St. Nizier alone deserve notice. The other buildings of interest are the archiepiscopal palace, the arsenal, the exchange, the Maison de la Charité, or poor-house; the residence of the prefect; the Palais des Arts, or museum; the barracks, the University buildings, the two theatres, and the mint. Lyons also possesses a variety of antiquities, including the remains of an aqueduct and reservoirs, and some curious mosaics. Of its literary institutions, there are an academy of sciences, founded in 1700, and an academy of fine-arts in 1724. It has a primary and secondary school, a school for children of artisans, called the "Institution de la Martinière," and a large public library on the Quai de Retz. Lyons is celebrated, particularly for its beautiful fabrics of silk, gold and silver brocade, plain, double, and striped velvet, richly-embroidered tulle, and satin; also gold and silver laces, gauze, ribbons, and silk stockings; hats, leather, carpets, and coloured paper. The printing and bookselling establishments of this place are next to those of Paris in magnitude. The quays, which extend along the Rhone, are bordered with rows of trees, and are little inferior in beauty to the famous quays of Paris, on the banks of the Seine. Population, including the suburbs, 318,803. Lyons was founded about forty-two years before the Christian era. It suffered greatly during the Revolution from the conflicts of hostile parties. It is the birthplace of Germanicus, the Emperors Claudius, M. Aurelius, and Caracalla; of the botanist Jussieu; Jacquard, the inventor of the loom which bears his name; and Camille Jourdain. It is connected by railway with Marseilles, Paris, and other large towns of France.

Democratic Socialism is very prevalent among the workmen of Lyons, where the "Reds" set up a Socialist Republic of their own after the fall of the Empire, on Sept. 4. They have now, however, agreed to act in subordination to the Republic established in Paris and represented by M. Gambetta and his colleagues at Tours.

The *Courier* of Lyons, of Saturday last, complains that the defensive works on the left bank of the Rhone are far from complete, the citizens who have been employed there for weeks past not having thought it necessary to give an equivalent in labour for the large sums they have collectively received. The *Courier* calls for the sending away of women and children and all "useless mouths," and invites the military authorities to hasten their preparations, for Lyons was never so directly menaced before.

Orders have been given to supply the town with provisions for two months for 70,000 men. The Generals of the neighbouring military subdivisions have been ordered to keep their troops in readiness to proceed to Lyons, where drilling of Mobile and National Guards goes on continually.

BISMARCK'S PEN.—Paris is not yet taken, but the pen with which Count Bismarck is to sign the treaty of peace is already prepared. Herr Bismarck, of Pforzheim, has manufactured out of massive gold an imitation of an ordinary stout goosequill. The quill itself is polished, in order that it may be more conveniently handled, but the feather closely resembles a real quill, every fibre being represented; while the back of the feather is thickly studded with brilliants, and below them a Count's coronet and Bismarck's monogram are engraved. Besides the engraver and maker, two goldsmiths were engaged on it for five weeks. The gold employed is of 18 carats, and that part in which the brilliants are set is of 21 carats.

LOSS OF A VESSEL AND FIVE LIVES.—The *Amelia*, of Swansea, which was bound from Bilbao to Swansea, with a cargo of ore, after leaving the former port encountered fearful weather, the seas frequently washing completely over her. On the morning of the 14th inst. the weather was exceedingly stormy. In the course of which the vessel strained very much, and eventually broke in two amidships, foundering about twenty minutes afterwards, off Santoria, a place between Bilbao and Santander. The crew had only just time to lower the two boats and the seamen in it, was shortly afterwards struck by a sea and capized, and the men drowned. The boat was washed ashore next day near Santoria. The second boat, containing the captain, the chief officer, two seamen, and a boy, was beached near Santoria, but whilst the men were endeavouring to land through the heavy surf, the boy was washed away by a heavy sea and drowned.

RAILWAY SIGNALLING.—A correspondent of the *Full Mail Gazette*, dating from the Junior Carlton Club and signing himself H. A. R. J., makes the subjoined statement:—"On Saturday, Sept. 3 last, I left North Wales en route for Tenby, where, had my train kept its time, I should have arrived about seven p.m. Owing, however, to our not reaching Aberystwyth till twenty minutes after the train I wanted to catch had started, I was delayed, and eventually found myself at twelve p.m. at Carmarthen town station. I had my choice of remaining at Carmarthen till Monday—there being no trains on Sunday—or of walking a mile to Carmarthen junction, and waiting there till 5.30 a.m. for the up mail. I resolved on doing the latter, and, having arrived at the junction, I inquired of the official in charge of the station if I could be allowed to sit before the fire in the booking-office till the train by which I proposed going on arrived. The politeness of this official I shall never forget—his assurances that he was 'a rough customer, but would do all in his power to make me comfortable,' were so frequently repeated that I had more than once to ask him to hold his tongue, as I was anxious to sleep if possible. Having lighted his pipe, he told me confidentially he was drunk—this was unnecessary; it was only too palpable—and that as soon as he had set the signals he should make himself comfortable for the night. After an interval of twenty minutes or so I ventured to ask him if he had not better see to the signals, whereupon he endeavoured to make for the door, but entirely failed, and, giving it up as a bad job, he called a lad, who was sleeping on the counter, and told him to go and put the signals right. The lad, on his return, said, addressing the inebriated official, 'Guvnor, did you set them for the express?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'No, you didn't, neither; they were dead on,' rejoined the lad. An oath and a 'Well, I am drunk, and no mistake!' closed the conversation. I have related exactly what occurred; and I inclose my card."

GARIBOLDI'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE FRANCES-TIREURS.—In the instructions which he has issued to the men under his command, Garibaldi explains that the special employment of guerrillas is to harass the enemy as much as possible by surprising its convoys and scouts, by night attacks, by operations against its rear, and other means. "In the country occupied by the foreigner," he says, "every bush, every tree, should threaten him with a shot, so that his men may fear to leave their columns or cantonments. Numerous guerrillas should render very difficult, if not impossible, those regulations which hitherto a simple enemy's corporal has presumed to make wherever he sets his foot, and would also save much property, which, but for them, would become the prey of the invader." In case of forming together, the close column should be preferred to the square, especially with a numerous force, and particularly against cavalry charges. "Squares, on almost any ground that I know of, are moved with difficulty, and present too weak and too extended a front to cavalry. But a hundred or a thousand men massed in close column form a solid obstacle to cavalry, and present but a relatively small front on every side. Groups thus formed may easily move forward, right or left, by simple counter-marches. A square badly formed, on account of undulations in the ground, or broken on any point, is in a deplorable condition. But a close column, though it may lose its line on one side, is ever an imposing mass, and by the mere instinct of self-preservation the men who compose it continue to keep closer, and may always defend themselves efficaciously against cavalry, or make a vigorous charge." In conclusion he recalls the defence of Montevideo against 25,000 men, injured to war, which lasted nine years; that town had then but 30,000 inhabitants. "Montevideo sold its palaces, its temples, its customs rights, present and to come, unearched the old cannon which served as boundaries in the streets, forged lances to supply the place of missing guns; while the women gave to the country their last jewel. A village of France has more resources than Montevideo had then. Can we doubt of the success of the national defence?"

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

M. Jules Favre has issued another circular to the representatives of France abroad, in which he still declares against any cession of territory; and says that, were he to choose between the situation of France and that of Prussia, the former would be the object of his ambition. "I prefer," he adds, "our sufferings, our perils, our sacrifices, to the inflexible and cruel ambition of our enemy. I entertain the firm hope that France will be victorious."

The superior military commands in France have now been definitively constituted. In the north the head-quarters are at Lille; in the west at Mans; in the centre at Bourges; and in the east at Besançon. The three brigades of Garibaldi's army have also been constituted. Each battalion is said to be provided with a company of engineers.

A decree has been issued by the Government at Tours, dated the 19th inst., instituting in each of the twenty-two military divisions of France an administrative council comprising one civil functionary. The council is instructed to propose all measures necessary for the organisation and management of the troops, particularly with regard to the instruction of recruits and their formation into companies.

It is announced in the *Liberté* that the French Government is on the point of quitting Tours, being unwilling to incur the charge of embarrassing the movements of the army of the Loire from motives of self-preservation. Bordeaux has, it is said, been definitively fixed upon as the city to which the seat of Government will be removed. Another statement, however, is to the effect that the Government will probably retreat to Clermont, in Auvergne.

The departments of the Seine Inférieure and the Eure have been placed in a state of siege. Cases of desertion, insubordination, and treachery are now rigorously punished with death, and several executions are said to have taken place recently in "various parts."

BELGIUM.

There has been a partial strike of the miners employed in the collieries at Seraing, in consequence of a reduction in the rate of wages. Some disturbances occurred, and troops were dispatched to the town from Liège. Order has been re-established.

LUXEMBURG.

Prince Henry of the Netherlands arrived at Luxembourg on the 21st inst., and met with a very enthusiastic reception from the inhabitants, who lined the streets through which the Prince passed. A manifesto, signed by twenty-six societies of the capital and the Common Council, urging the maintenance of neutrality and independence of the Grand Duchy, was presented to his Royal Highness, who assured the deputation that the neutrality of Luxembourg would not be violated, and expressed his confidence in the Powers who signed the Treaty of London. The manifestation of the people is intended as a protest against the language of certain newspapers, and against the rumour of the entry of the Grand Duchy into the North German Confederation or of its annexation to Prussia.

ITALY.

The official journals announce that the King will enter Rome before the Parliamentary vote, accompanied by Prince Umberto and Princess Margherita.

The Italian electoral law has been published at Rome. The number of deputies is fixed at fourteen. The Roman Commission has had an interview with Signor Sella, when the Minister said that he would communicate to the King the wishes of the Romans that he should soon come to their city. He declared that the transfer of the capital to Rome was certain, but must be carried out with the sanction of the Italian Parliament. Signor Sella also added that the unification of the laws was necessary, but that it required some time to effect it.

A short Pontifical bull has been affixed without obstacle to the doors of the principal churches. The Pope announces the suspension of the Ecumenical Council in consequence of the sacrilegious invasion of Rome, which might restrict the liberty of the Pope and Bishops; and on account of the European war, which prevents many Bishops leaving their sees. Nevertheless, the jubilee granted on the occasion of the Council continues. It is asserted that the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs has addressed a circular to the diplomatic agents of Italy abroad refuting the assertions of the Papal bull relative to the dissolution of the Ecumenical Council; and declaring that the Italian Government had not raised, nor would have raised, any obstacle to prevent the assembling of the Council, or to impede the freedom of its discussions.

SPAIN.

It is stated that the candidacy of the Duke d'Aosta for the throne of Spain has been definitively decided upon, and that his Royal Highness's acceptance was notified to the Regent on the 19th inst. According to the *Etoile Belge*, England, Prussia, and Italy are agreed respecting the candidature of the Duke of Aosta for the crown of Spain.

According to news from Madrid, the French Chargé-d'Affaires there has made, by order of his Government, the proposition to send to France, in the interest of the Latin race, a Spanish auxiliary corps of 50,000 men. This proposal has been positively declined.

GERMANY.

According to intelligence received at Brussels from Versailles the conference between the Plenipotentiaries of the South German States and Count Bismarck, in reference to their entry into the North German Confederation, has commenced. It is asserted that Bavaria claims for herself a special military budget and some special taxes, as well as a special postal administration. In return for these concessions, Bavaria is willing that her deputies to the German Parliament should not take part in the discussion of the Federal Budget. It is expected that the King of Bavaria will arrive at Versailles to support his claims, which, however, have little chance of being granted.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

The Florence journals publish a telegram from Constantinople, bearing date Oct. 21, asserting that Greece and Turkey have signed a treaty of alliance, defensive and offensive, against any Power which shall threaten to make conquests in the East.

THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Morton has formally declined the post of Minister to Great Britain, assigning as a reason that the ascendancy recently gained by the Democrats in the Indiana Legislature would cause his seat in the Senate, if vacated, to be filled by a Democrat.

A meeting to raise a memorial to the late General Lee was held, on Monday night, at the Cooper Institute, New York. Five thousand persons were present, and among them was a large number of the most prominent citizens. It was proposed to set apart the fourth Sunday in November for memorial services, to be held in all the churches throughout the South, and to make collections in all the States for the Monument Fund.

CHINA.

A telegram from Tien-Tsin, dated Oct. 7, says:—"A Chinese army has been sent here, and the Taku forts are armed and provisioned. A chapel at Fatschou has been burnt by the mob, but the provincial authorities promise its restoration."

INDIA.

At a durbar at Ajmere, last Saturday, the Viceroy told the chiefs that the British Government had determined to uphold those who governed with justice and wisdom. His Excellency wished to establish a college to educate the sons of Thikcoors and chiefs. The speech was listened to with breathless attention.

THE WAR.

SURRENDER OF METZ.

A telegram from Homburg, of Thursday's date, contains the following important announcement:—"The King telegraphs to Queen Augusta as follows:—This morning the army of Marshal Bazaine and the fortress of Metz capitulated, with 150,000 prisoners, including 20,000 sick and wounded. This afternoon the army and the garrison will lay down their arms. This is one of the most important events of the month. Providence be thanked."

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

Her Majesty's Government has made proposals for an armistice, with a view to an election of a Constituent Assembly; and it is supported by Russia and Austria. It is understood that the present time has been chosen by the Queen's Government to press its reasons for the concession of an armistice because it was known that the German preparations before Paris approached completion, and that, if immediate action were not taken, by the opening of fire on the defences of Paris, the war would enter upon a new stage. M. Thiers has received his appointment as negotiator from the members of the Government at Tours, who have also instructed him as to the conditions on which they would accept an armistice. He has, however, to proceed to Paris and come to a similar understanding with M. Jules Favre, General Trochu, and the other members of the Government there; after which he will proceed to the King's headquarters and meet Count Bismarck. M. Thiers was expected to reach Versailles on Wednesday. It is reported that the Government at Tours has determined not to subscribe to any conditions for an armistice which may imply the admission of any territorial cession whatever. A Tours telegram states that the present negotiations for an armistice are entirely due to the British Government, the French Government having neither asked nor proposed anything. It is stated that M. Gambetta is opposed to an armistice, but that his colleagues are in favour of it. M. Thiers, it is believed, will strongly urge the Government in Paris to consent to the terms recommended by foreign Powers. The *Siècle* is violently opposed to an armistice, and declares that war to the knife is the only thing to give France a signal revenge, a glorious peace, and an immortal Republic.

According to a Berlin telegram, Count Bismarck has always replied to the propositions in favour of peace which have been made to him by the Republicans, the Imperialists, and others, that the first condition was the election of a representative Assembly of the French people, without which a durable peace could not be hoped for. Count Bismarck has, moreover, declared his willingness to afford every facility for carrying out such election.

A second semi-official organ of the Prussian Government publishes an article calculated to discourage expectations of peace, and stating bluntly that the delay in attacking Paris is not due to political considerations (to mediation or the request of an armistice), but to the difficulties inherent in the siege works. The writer, after urging that more must be done yet to bring the French Ministers to a frame of mind suitable for negotiations, adds that "our military chiefs have prepared everything to overcome even the last hostile bulwark."

A Tours telegram, of Tuesday, says that it is rumoured in a certain quarter that the following treaty of peace has been proposed by England, Russia, and Austria to the two belligerents:—"1. No cession of territory, but the raising of the fortifications of Metz and Strasbourg. 2. Two thousand million francs to be paid as indemnity of war by France to Prussia. 3. Peace to be ensured by the collective guarantee of the neutrals above mentioned." It is further rumoured that Prussia has agreed to sign, and that it will be submitted to the Constituent Assembly about to be elected in France. This report must be received with caution.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

The French made a sortie before Paris on Friday, Oct. 21, issuing from the fortress of Mont Valérien. Their strength is stated by the Prussians at twelve battalions, or 9000 men, with forty field guns. They moved in the direction of Versailles, and kept up a fight for about three hours, when they were repulsed by the Prussian Line and Landwehr. The Germans took one hundred prisoners and two field guns. The French brought their field batteries into action with great effect, their fire being heavy and well sustained. There was an absence, however, of any such desperate efforts to get forward as would have been made in a preconceived advance on Versailles. The sortie began their attack at about half-past one o'clock, and by half-past four it had been repulsed. On the German side the losses were about 250 men killed and wounded. The French, being more exposed, are believed to have had heavier losses.

The Germans are daily bringing up their siege guns and placing them in position around the French capital. According to published statements, their siege train comprises the 6½-ton gun, calibre 8.25 in., projectile 220 lb. shell; the 14-ton gun, calibre 9.25 in., projectile 337 lb. shell, containing a bursting charge of 15 lb. of powder. Both the above are breech-loaders. The extreme range of these guns, with an elevation of 33 deg., is said to be 9500 yards, or rather less than five miles and a half. The heaviest breech-loading rifle guns mounted by the French at Paris are:—5-ton gun, calibre 6.3 in., projectile 70 lb. shell; 8-ton gun, calibre 7.5 in., projectile 115 lb. shell; 14-ton gun, calibre 9.45 in., projectile 220 lb. shell; 21½-ton gun, calibre 10.63 in., projectile 480 lb. shell. A Berlin letter in the *Cologne Gazette* says that 250,000 tons of ammunition have reached the army before Paris. This is a very large quantity to have been actually accumulated there, although no doubt the real quantity is enormous and will increase. Sixty thousand furs have been ordered for the Paris army.

On the 18th 1000 civilians from Paris came to the German outposts near Bondy asking permission to leave the city, but were turned back.

OPERATIONS IN THE VOSGES.

A telegram from Lille announces that the Germans have retired from Besançon, taking with them thirty-seven carriages filled with wounded and leaving behind them a great number of dead. They are said to have gone to Gy and Riez. As these towns are north and north-west of Besançon, it is a movement of retreat that is intimated; but hitherto no French or other telegram has announced the occupation of Besançon by the Germans; on the contrary, the last despatches published by the French represented the former as unable to pass Châtillon-le-Duc. Here, however, a Versailles telegram comes to our aid. General Werder's report of his operations has reached the Royal headquarters, and it states that on Saturday last, after a sharp engagement with the Army of the East, under General Cambrils, posted near Aisy and Etuz, he drove the French "back towards Besançon." The Germans lost three officers and one hundred men. The French had considerable losses, besides two staff officers, thirteen other officers, and 180 men taken prisoners, and are said to have withdrawn in great disorder. This is the first mentioned in a French telegram from Besançon, in which it was reported that the Zouaves and the battalions of the Vosges had made a vigorous bayonet charge, but that the result of the battle was unknown. No later German account has been received; but on the 23rd General Cambrils represents the Germans as being detained before Châtillon-le-Duc, "which they vainly attempted to carry yesterday." If the Germans were unable to enter Châtillon on Sunday, they could not evacuate Besançon on Monday; General Cambrils's second report thus stands in opposition alike with the telegram from Lille and the report of General Werder. If the Germans did enter Besançon, the detailed account of the achievement will be very interesting, as the place is a fortress, and has figured largely in letters from Tours as the headquarters of one of those armies which have been scattered over Central and Southern France ever since M. Gambetta escaped from Paris in a balloon. But we doubt whether the truth on this matter is known at Lille.

ON THE LOIRE.

Affairs on the Loire appear to have undergone no critical change.

Von der Tann holds Orleans with the main body of his army, which occupies a line of about thirty miles, from Jargeau to Beaugency. The German cavalry roam up and down the Valley of the Loire, Franks-Tireurs notwithstanding, making requisitions and carrying off cattle which are sent to the army before Paris. General d'Aurelle, according to letters from Tours, is receiving large reinforcements, and will place in the field a better-organised army than has been seen since the investment of Metz. The General gives the men leave to shoot him if he does not do his duty—doubtless knowing that the worst of them would rather shoot him for doing it—but thus the more effectually conveying his unalterable determination to make them do theirs.

Accounts from Orleans show the number of prisoners taken by the Germans on the capture of that town to have been 6000.

CAPTURE OF SCHELESTADT.

Schelestadt has been taken. Like Toul and Soissons, Schelestadt was visited, surrounded, and bombarded without effect weeks before it was taken; but, like them, it soon fell when besieged in form. The first parallel was opened against it between nightfall on Saturday and daybreak on Sunday last, and the place capitulated on Monday, before there could have been time to advance the thirty guns, which had been placed in position a few hours before. Schelestadt has yielded 2400 prisoners and 120 guns. The strong places of Alsace up to this date taken by the Germans are Strasbourg, Schelestadt, Petite Pierre, and Lichtenberg. New Breisach is besieged, but Belfort appears to be neglected. In Lorraine the Germans have taken Toul and Sedan, and are besieging Metz, Bitché, Phalsburg, and Verdun.

MISCELLANEOUS WAR NEWS.

The prosperous city of Chartres, the capital of the department of the Eure and Loire, remarkable for one of the largest corn markets in France, was occupied by the Germans, under General Wittich, on Friday morning, Oct. 21. There was no fighting. Wittich, who had taken Chateaudun, on another line of railroad, a few days before, appeared before the town with a force which the French telegram states to have been 20,000 men, whereupon the Prefect and the Mayor made arrangements by which fighting was avoided. These functionaries had the prudence to make the military authorities parties to the agreement, which seems to have been a wise one.

General Bourbaki has taken measures for the defence of Lille, and has ordered the demolition of the houses, gardens, and quickset hedges situated within the first zone of the fortifications. The quickset hedges within the second and third zones of the fortifications have been cut within half a yard of the ground. An order of the Prefect directs the inundation of the defensive works of the town.

M. de Kératry has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Gardes Mobiles, Mobilised National Guards, and free corps of the departments of the Ouest, Finistère, Morbihan, Côtes du Nord, Ille et Vilaine, and Loire Inférieure. He will at once assume the command of the army of Brittany, with power to organise his forces according to his own discretion, subject to the orders of the Minister of War. M. de Kératry was formerly an officer in the army, and served on Marshal Bazaine's staff in Mexico.

COUNT BISMARCK'S BOUNDARY LINE.

Count Bismarck has distinctly declared that Germany is now fighting for a new frontier; and, although he has not as yet presented an ultimatum, the line which he asks for has been drawn with distinctness. He wishes to have the whole of Alsace and as much of Lorraine as would be comprehended within a curved line drawn from the Luxembourg frontier, and passing at a distance of about six English miles in front of Thionville, Metz, and Château Salins, joining the frontier of Alsace at a point about twenty miles south of St. Diey. Such a line would take in the Moselle from Cerny, and leave Pont-à-Mousson and Nancy to remain French.

GENERAL UHRICH.

General Uhrich, the brave defender of Strasbourg, has thought it worth while to reply to the charges brought against him of failure in his duty in surrendering that fortress. In doing so, he makes some statements respecting the effective power of the German siege-train which are interesting while the siege of Paris is impending. The General declares that he did not yield Strasbourg until he had seen its fortress destroyed, its ramparts ploughed up, its artillery annihilated, its outworks rendered untenable, and a breach made in two of the bastions. Powerful, and until now unknown, projectiles were thrown at the place by 200 guns, and the bombardment was one without precedent. The besieged had lost 35,000 metallic rockets, which were burnt, together with the arsenal of the citadel, and which nothing could replace. It was impossible, he says, to resist the assault. The ramparts and all the approaches, being commanded by the enemy's artillery, could not have been held by the defenders of the breach, who in less than half an hour would have been annihilated, and the enemy would have carried the assault without striking a blow. This is remarkable evidence, and should put an end to the unworthy insinuations that have been made against General Uhrich.

"PRUSSIAN SAVAGES."

The following is a portion of a letter contributed by a priest to the columns of the *Paris Univers* in reference to the conflict on the 13th inst. Though assured that no wounded men had been left behind, this ecclesiastic determined to visit the field of battle, and it was well he did so. He was not long before he came across some poor fellows terribly shattered, to whom he rendered the last consolations of religion. He was joined by a few volunteers in his mission of mercy:—

I was at this moment (he wrote) on the roadside when our cry, "Are there any wounded?" was answered by feeble groans. The road was filled with dead and wounded; it was heartrending to see. While we were tenderly bending over these unknown heroes, a German with a very distinguished face galloped up to us. Some one shouted out, "The Uhlans! show the flag!" "Fear nothing, gentlemen," said the horseman, pulling up in front of us. "I have the honour, Abbe, to present his Majesty's Aide-de-Camp, Prince —, member of the Geneva Society. I came to tell you, gentlemen, that there are a great number of wounded in the village whom we intend to hand over to you. Send and get some vehicles, and you will find them on the road." Before withdrawing, this Prussian presented to us other personages of the army. I rejoined him at a short distance. He was looking at a wounded man who was fast sinking; he got off his horse and helped me to lift him up and place him in an easier position, then he stood by bareheaded while I administered the last sacraments. I thanked him, and he disappeared. Numbers of Prussian soldiers then came forward to aid us in our search. Alas! he who has not seen a battlefield covered with dead and wounded cannot understand what war is. . . . Let us do justice to whom justice is due. The Prussians, those men so cruel during the combat, revealed themselves in another light yesterday. They led us to the spot where were the men most seriously wounded. They recommended me to give extreme unction to this man rather than to that. They took us from field to vineyard, from vineyard to shrubbery, so that spiritual and temporal relief might be afforded to all. I was moved to tears by the following incident. A dying man, whose confession I had just heard, begged for something to drink. "Some water! if I could only drink some water," he groaned, "it would cure me." And there was not a drop of water there to give him. I looked everywhere in vain, and tried to console the poor lad by pressing him to my heart. A Prussian who saw us stepped forward. "Wasser," said he; and he held out his tin and gave the poor Frenchman a drink. By the side of this dying soldier was a young man hardly twenty years of age, who was uttering pitiful shrieks. He also drank from the tin, the Prussian holding his head for him.

The writer says that, though the Germans must have suffered severely, he only saw one dead Prussian on the field. To continue, he said:—

Some Prussian officers on horseback watched our operations. They were all exceedingly kind and most polite—of an urbanity and charity quite French. I think that no one of the 150 gentlemen connected with the ambulance will gainsay this. They conversed with the doctors, the assistants, priests, and hospital men, and I believe that the general impression of those gentlemen was, "Why should we be at war with men with

whom it seems so easy to get on? A Prussian colonel also made the same reflection. "Do you think," he said, "that we fight for our pleasure? I am a lawyer in my country, and have a wife and children; and I would much sooner sleep peacefully at home than lie out upon straw."

CAPTAIN MORLEY, R.N., who was present at the battle of Trafalgar, and served a considerable time under Lord Nelson, has just died. He entered the Navy in 1801.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR will receive the Judges, Queen's Counsel, &c., at his residence, 31, Great George-street, on Wednesday next, that being the first day of Michaelmas Term.

A LOMBARD TELEGRAM states that the Bank of France has removed its seat of administration to Bordeaux. The director of the branch bank at Tours, together with five assistants, forty other employees, and a number of heavy cases, supposed to contain specie, have arrived there.

MR. WINGFIELD BAKER AND MR. A. JOHNSTON, the members for South Essex, addressed their constituents, on Wednesday evening, at Brentford, and a vote of confidence in them was passed.

THE ADMIRALTY have sent an order to Chatham Dockyard directing that, except in urgent cases, the hands are no longer to work overtime. Up to Tuesday there were about 500 men working overtime, continuing their labours each night till nine o'clock; but now, with the exception of about fifty millwrights, all these men will resume the regular hours of work.

THE LATE GENERAL R. E. LEE.

The melancholy intelligence of the death of General Lee has produced a profound impression in this city. It came most unexpectedly. Great anxiety was indeed created in Virginia by the sudden and alarming attack of last week, but this has been mostly allayed by the accounts of his friends, from which it was hoped that he would soon resume his duties in the college. But on Monday, the 10th inst., the gravest symptoms began to manifest themselves, and on Wednesday, the 12th, at half-past nine in the morning, he breathed his last in the bosom of his family at Lexington. The thrill that was excited through the South by the news flashed before high noon to the remotest districts within reach of the telegraph was even as painful as that felt when he laid down his sword at Appomattox Courthouse. The bells tolled in all the cities, business was universally suspended, and men met only to exchange words of sorrow over the common bereavement. The newspapers of the following day announced the event in columns margined with black. Governor Walker of Virginia, called the Legislature together to give fitting expression to the peculiar grief of that afflicted community. Wasted by years of war and desolated by fire and flood, Virginia stands, the Niobe of States, at the bier of her great son. In this city the comments of the daily press have been, for the most part, charitable and forbearing as to his espousal of the Southern cause in the war, and, without exception, the proper tribute has been rendered to the stainless purity of his private life and the lofty tone of his personal character. It was impossible, indeed, to speak of the man at all and not to pay homage to his rare virtues.

The immediate cause of General Lee's death was congestion of the brain, and his term of life was sixty-three years, eight months, and twenty-three days. He retained during the greater part of his illness the full possession of his faculties, but there were moments when his mind wandered, and, like that of Napoleon in the death-chamber at Longwood, reverted to the scenes of war. Once he asked that General Hill might be sent for, and again he gave orders that his tent might be struck for the march.

Robert Edmund Lee was the son of Henry Lee, the "Light Horse Harry" of the Revolution. With an early predilection for the army, he was entered at the West Point Military Academy in 1825, and graduated the second in his class in 1829. The first five graduates in every class at this institution are held to have won distinguished honour, and are rewarded with commissions in the Topographical Engineers; accordingly young Lee took a Second Lieutenantcy at once in this corps, and his first service was performed as assistant astronomer in drawing the boundary line between the States of Ohio and Michigan. At the breaking out of the war with Mexico he was a Captain of Engineers; but his conspicuous gallantry and inestimable services in that contest secured for him rapid promotion, and he came out of it a Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel by brevet. Of his conduct in the war of rebellion it is unnecessary to speak. His campaigns have been the study of the best military minds of Europe, and no intelligent observer of the course of events in our own times is ignorant of them. Since the close of the struggle, General Lee has devoted himself wholly to the college over which he was called to preside, manifesting the utmost aversion to anything like public display, refusing entirely to take part in politics, and endeavouring as far as he could to heal the animosities that had been caused between the two sections of the country. No aspersion of his motives, no attack upon his private character, could make him break the silence he had imposed upon himself. On the other hand, no expression of popular feeling on the part of his admirers, no spontaneous ascription to him as the leader of the lost cause, could betray him into a public speech or a political argument. He accepted fully and bravely the consequences of defeat, and counselled submission to the re-established authority. Two or three months ago a writer in *Harper's Weekly* charged him with having purposely lingered in Washington for weeks after the breaking out of the rebellion that he might learn the military plans of the Government as a member of the military family of General Scott, and with having afterwards basely betrayed them. The charges were without a shadow of truth, but General Lee did not notice his assailant. A friend then wrote to General Lee calling his attention to the article, with a view to his vindication. The calm soldier replied that for himself he cared little about the matter, but if his anonymous critic would inquire into the facts he would find that he had never been a member of General Scott's military family, and had no means whatever of learning the secrets of the Government in Washington, and might possibly thus be induced to correct the "erroneous" statement. Not long after the close of the war, a lady of Buffalo, New York, informed General Lee by letter that she knew a person in the neighbourhood who had the family Bible of the Lees, which had been carried off as a trophy from Virginia, giving him the name, that he might make a demand for its restitution. General Lee wrote in answer, thanking his correspondent for her friendly interest, and saying that he should never claim the volume, but that he would not despair of getting it back if the wrongful holder would sometimes open it and read what was contained between its lids.

General Lee had two brothers and a sister, the four children being of the father's second marriage. One of the brothers was Commander Sidney Smith Lee, who commanded the United States steamer *Mississippi* in the Japan expedition under the late Commodore Perry, and afterwards served in the Confederate navy, and who died eighteen months ago. The other brother, Charles Carter Lee, survives him, and is a farmer in Powhatan County, Virginia. The sister married the late Mr. Edward V. Child, of Boston, and died, before the war of the rebellion, in Paris, where she had long dwelt. General Lee left three daughters, all unmarried, and three sons. W. H. Fitzhugh Lee, the eldest of the sons, was a brigadier in the war, as was also G. W. Custis Lee, the second son. Robert, the youngest, was, throughout the struggle, a private in the ranks. Of Custis the anecdote is related that, when he entered West Point, his father promised him Arlington if he would graduate first in his class. Custis came out at the head of the roll, and received the reward; but Arlington, as we know, was confiscated by the United States Government, and will certainly never be restored to the Lee family. Fitz Lee, the cavalry leader, was the son of Sidney Smith Lee.

The old chieftain died in honourable poverty. At no time since the war closed has his income probably exceeded £700 a year from the college; and his landed possessions were mostly taken from him by the United States. Again and again private subscriptions and funds have been set on foot for his benefit, but he has persistently declined them. Last summer the board of trustees of

They generally shed them in pools of water, and this has given rise to the opinion that they hide their horns. During the months of autumn the mature stags quit their thickets and return to the mountain or the plain.

A MARBLE-MILL IN THE EASTERN ALPS.

Dr. PALEY observes that very few people know how oval frames

that in a short time, in proportion as the animal is in condition, the entire horns are completed. They do not, however, harden at the points until the bottom, or root, is hardened and the growth is complete; for, unlike the horns of cows or sheep, the antlers of a stag grow from the tips, while the former increase from the bottom. When the growth is complete, the entire antler acquires solidity, the velvet-like

the little get apart an annuity of 3000 dols. for the life of Mrs. Lee, but her husband would not consent to her acceptance of it. In an age of corruption and venality, when the highest officers of the Government do not refuse contributions of money for their individual advantage from any and from every source, General Lee has set an example of independence and integrity the worth of which is not to be computed. Well, indeed, would it be for the United States if its public servants in every department of the Government were as honest as he was. A Republican daily paper, commenting upon his death and the lesson of his life, says that he was "not wholly bad," and that to forget him now is of course the largest charity. This is not so easy a thing to do. Every succeeding generation of Americans will desire to know all they can of the man by whose genius the defence of Richmond was so long maintained against overwhelming superior numbers; and the time will come when all classes of the American people will regard him with pride, even as all classes of Englishmen now revere the names of Hampden and Falkland. — *Letter of New York Correspondent of the "Standard," Oct. 14.*

AN ANTLERED STAG.

A FULL-ANTLERED stag is a sight worth seeing, if we can get a glimpse of him as he appears in our Engraving, although his fierceness and the restless pursuit of the hind make him a lean and rather haggard object at this season. He is much larger than the fallow deer, and his horns are round, whereas in the fallow species they are broad and palmated. By these the animal's age is ascertained. During the first year the stag has no horns, but a horny excrescence, which is short and rough, and covered with a thin hairy skin. The next year the horns are single and straight, in the third they have two antlers, three the fourth, four the fifth, and five the sixth year; but this number is not always certain, for sometimes they are more and often less. After the sixth year the antlers do not always increase, and although in number they may amount to six or seven on each side, yet the animal's age is then estimated rather from the size of the antlers than from their number. These horns, large as they seem, are shed every year, and new ones assume their place. The old horns are of a firm, solid texture, as we all know; but the new shoots are soft and tender, and when the old horns are shed the animal retires from the herd and hides himself in solitudes and thickets, only going out to pasture at night. During this time, which mostly happens in the spring, the new horns are very tender, and have a quick sensibility of any external impression. When the old horns have fallen off, the new ones do not begin to grow immediately. The place is first covered with a soft transparent skin, like that which covers the bones of all animals. After a short time this skin begins to swell and to form a lump containing a great deal of blood and covered with a downy substance, almost like velvet, and of the same colour as the rest of the hair. This lump daily increases from the point, and, rising by degrees from the head, shoots out branches on each side, so



AN ANTLERED STAG.

skin dries up and falls off, or is torn off by the animal, who rubs its horns against trees to get rid of it, and the horns appear in their full expansion, hardness, and beauty.

The older stags usually shed their horns first, generally towards the end of February or the beginning of March. Such as are between five and six years old shed their horns about the middle or latter end of March, and the youngest of all not till the middle or the latter end of May.

"A Guide to the Eastern Alps." These mountain regions are so full of wild beauty, and legends as wild, that there is scarcely a pass or glen without its story; and the huts of the woodmen and stone-quarriers on their steep acclivities are the only indications of the habitations of men amidst the roar and murmur of streams re-echoed in subterranean gorges rushing or gentle rustling of overhanging trees, and the sound of rain in the valleys beneath. In one of the wildest spots of the traveller who can climb so high may see the uses of a mountain mill in the manufacture of those toys which are such common objects of our boyhood. Turning, turning, with the force of the mountain stream on projecting flanges, two huge stones like those of a flour-mill, but with a groove in each, between which the marbles are rolled and triturated till they assume a perfectly spherical shape, effect the work in silence; and, though there is a rude hut on the slope of the mountain just above, the attendant has only to look on till the operation is complete, or to fill up a long leisure by carving other toys from the soft pine that grows in the vast forests of the Thuringer Walde.

ANOTHER MORTARA CASE.

THE newly-established police authorities of the Italian Government in Rome have just succeeded in repairing, though in a very slight degree, one of the most abominable outrages of the Papal Government. The stealing of Jewish children, the baptising and bringing them up as Catholics in spite of the passion of the parents, would, doubtless, have become in Rome as completely organised as baby-farming has been in some other places, if the notorious case of the boy Mortara had not called forth the protests of more than one European Power. But the case of young Mortara was not the sole iniquity of the same kind perpetrated by the priests in Rome under the protection of French bayonets. Six years ago a Jewish boy, Giuseppe Coen, then nine years old, was kidnapped (the theft was perpetrated on July 25, 1864) by the priests of Catecumeni — the shoemaker to whom the poor child had been bound as an apprentice having yielded to the suggestions of a relative, a priest, and given the boy up to be made, without the knowledge of his parents, a Catholic convert. On that day the parents vainly expected the return in the evening of the boy to his own home; they became alarmed; they inquired about him of the shoemaker, who professed utter ignorance; they searched everywhere, they asked of everyone likely to know or hear anything of the child, but all in vain: until at last the shoemaker, certain of the protection of the Papal police, admitted that he had given the child into the hands of the priests. The poor mother flew to the establishment of the Catecumeni, and entreated that she might be allowed to see her child; but she was not allowed to cross the threshold, and from the agony of the bereavement she soon lost her senses. Some time before becoming quite distracted, she was wont every day to remain for hours opposite the building in which she knew her boy to be immured. This pro-

are turned, and it may with almost equal truth be said that not one person in twenty can tell you how the toys called marbles are formed from that hard, bright, smooth stone. To our young readers, then, the Engraving which we publish this week may be of some interest. It represents a marble-mill in those romantic German Alps of which we have written in former numbers, and some most delightful information about which may be obtained from a book by Mr. John Ball called

ceeding was regarded as offensive by the Papal authorities; they seized her and threw her into prison. At this stage, when she had become quite frantic, the representative of the French Government at Rome felt himself bound, for the credit of that Government, in the face of civilised Europe, to interfere, and his interference led to Fortunata Coen's relief. The whole family then emigrated to Leghorn, where, through the happy effects of a skilful and soothing treatment, the poor mother, though ever since terribly broken down in her general health, became restored to reason.

It need excite little wonder if, after the Government under which such atrocities were possible was overthrown on the 20th of last month by Cadorna's artillerymen and sharpshooters, there

should have hurried amongst the foremost exiles eager to re-enter Rome these two Jewish parents, longing again after a separation thus brought about, and extending over six sad years, once more to embrace their son. But they very nearly, in the most natural excess of their paternal and maternal eagerness, defeated their own purpose. Instead of taking the precaution to apply first to the Italian civil and military authorities, they went straight to the Orphan Asylum of Santa Maria in Acquiro, where the boy was kept, and where Pius IX. paid for his education eleven crowns monthly from his private purse. The parents were refused admittance. They then addressed themselves to the Italian police. The police authorities gave orders that a perquisition should be made, and that the manager of the

orphan asylum should be examined on the matter. The manager knew nothing. The boy had suddenly disappeared; gone away of his own free will. This story, however, did not appear very probable to the Chevalier Lipari, the functionary charged with the temporary administration of the police in Rome. An active search was made in all directions, and at last the boy Giuseppe Coen was found to be stowed away in the private dwelling of one of the employés of the orphan asylum, close to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore.

The boy was found, his mother would again embrace him; but she no longer embraced a son. Cold, callous, utterly unmoved, the young Catholic seminarist received without one responding look or tone of filial affection the passionate embraces of a Jewish



MARBLE MILLS IN THE EASTERN ALPS.

mother. "Now," said the manager of the orphan asylum, "you can judge for yourselves; Giuseppe has become perfectly unrooted from his former domestic and Jewish soil." The boy refused to return to his parents. To live again with them would be to incur excommunication. Nay, worse; to sympathise with them, to honour them, to obey them, to reverence them, would be to incur the hazard of eternal perdition. The parents claimed back their child. As the boy was still a minor he was formally given up to them. All the circumstances connected with the consignment being detailed in a regular legal document, to which the Chevalier Lipari, the heads of the Jewish College in Rome, and other parties, attached their signatures. The parents even bound themselves to respect the religious convictions and usages of their son, and the whole family left for Leghorn.

But the Italian police had not yet finished its work. Closer inquiries brought out the fact that the manager of the Orphan

Asylum, Father Muti, who professed ignorance of the whole matter and could tell nothing more than that the boy had disappeared, was not the real manager, but a man of straw, nominated in virtue of a Cardinal's decree at half an hour's notice, for the purpose of keeping out of sight the real manager, Father Imperi, who had been all along cognisant of the whole proceedings. No sooner was this fact clearly established than the Chevalier Lipari gave orders for the arrest of Father Imperi, and that respectable individual will now have to give as good an account as he can of the circumstances under which he attempted to transfer his responsibility to the other dummy priest. These facts will be found sufficiently interesting and important in themselves; but they acquire a far greater interest and importance at the present moment in Rome, when viewed in connection with the questions under discussion as to the privileges to be still reserved to the religious orders, even assuming that all these

religious orders should be transferred en masse to the Leonine city. In the first accounts given in the Roman newspapers of the arrival of the Coens and of their endeavours to recover their son, the story most accredited was to the effect that the boy was hid in the Vatican itself, in the palace of the Holy Father—of this spiritual King of Italy, whose independence is to be guaranteed by a territory small in extent, but still inviolable, and placed under the common protection of Catholic Christendom. The report circulated and printed was to the effect that the gendarmes of the Chevalier Lipari were authorised to restore the child to his parents, even if under the necessity of invading the sacred precincts of the Vatican. And everyone seemed to consider it necessary that, even by such a process, family rights should be vindicated and paternal and maternal affection recognised. Where, then would be the inviolability of the Leonine city?—*Correspondent of Daily News.*

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SANITARY PRECAUTIONS.

WE fear too many of the readers of this journal have, like other people, reason to know that scarlet fever is again frightfully active among children; that it is worse, both as to character and diffusion, than it was last year, when it was, in all conscience, bad enough; and, lastly, that it is propagated both by infection and contagion in many preventable ways. Among the poor the havoc made by death is something awful, and the peculiarly malignant form which the disease too often assumes has recalled into common use the old-fashioned word "putrid" as applied to fevers.

It would be trite to affirm that we are very far behind the point which we ought long ago to have reached in dealing with infectious disease. It sounds like a mockery to say that no dwelling-house of any kind whatever should be built without room and means for the isolation of sick people. But it is not too much to declare that every wealthy person who inhabits a house without getting added to it a room on the ground floor, so placed (at some distance from the main building is best) that the sick may easily be isolated, is not wise as well as rich. In a country town, a few years ago, at a time when smallpox was prevalent, one man had smallpox. He was instantly lodged in a barn some paces from the farmhouse in which he lived, and the nurse who attended to him lodged almost wholly in an adjoining barn. Not a single other case of smallpox occurred in that town. It is, unfortunately, true that we must go pretty high up in the scale of culture before we come to people who know how to isolate a patient who is ill of an infectious disease, or what to do with the bed-room and the furniture after the illness is over; and among the poor the ignorance and incapacity make a barrier of solid rock against anything in the shape of isolation and precaution. They do not know the first signs of contagious disease; they do not know the most infectious times, or the state of body in which infection is most readily taken; and to put purifying chemicals into their hands is almost like giving a baby a razor or a red-hot coal. It is not six weeks since an infant was destroyed by the most stupid carelessness in the use of a disinfectant. The number of poor people, or even of respectable and well-to-do persons, who are aware that scarlet fever is most infectious during the stage of convalescence, when the diseased skin is peeling off in a fine dust, is woefully small. Children who are old enough are sent out among their companions just when their very presence may mean death; and younger children—scarlet fever is very generally taken at about three years of age—are borne about in arms or dismissed to their playmates just as carelessly. Undertakers do much to propagate the disease, and in their own families are large sufferers from it. What is to be done?

One thing is, to cure ignorant parents of the notion that every human being must have a certain round of diseases, such as whooping-cough and scarlet fever, once in a lifetime. On the contrary, children may be and are kept perfectly free from any such diseases, and numbers of men and women die without having had either of them. So long as the poor keep to this fancy, we shall find them a little reckless, saying to themselves, "Oh! the children must have it some time or other—why not now?" Another thing is to teach people the use of sanitary precautions. These the poor neither will, nor indeed can, apply to their full extent—for that purpose both culture and leisure are needed—but every little helps. And here we see an evil to be cured, and a glimpse of daylight. The evil is, the fine language in which sanitary instructions for the use of the ignorant are too often expressed. "Proximate cause," "insidious progress," "free expectation," "intervening period"—these are hard nuts to crack for a poor charwoman who can hardly read. And immense numbers of the people concerned cannot read at all. Now, how can these people be reached? Benevolent ladies and others, taking in their own persons all proper precautions, might give the necessary instructions in a simple and detailed way. At "mothers' meetings" there might, perhaps, be a hymn and a prayer the less (though we say "well-done!" to both the hymn and the prayer that uplift the hearts of the poor), and a short lecture-conversation upon sanitary precautions. Perhaps, considering the thousands of schoolrooms there are at the service of benevolent people, lectures on sanitary precautions might be extensively and usefully given at almost no expense. Children who are well fed, carefully tended, in a healthy place, and whose intercourse with other children is very strictly watched, do not have any of the usual dreary list of complaints. Not only is this true, it is also the fact that, by proper care, a strong hereditary tendency to disease (for example, the strumous tendency) may be trampled out in childhood. The hypothesis upon which parents must be induced to act is, indeed, just this—that, though there always will be a certain amount of, say scarlet fever, yet

it is to be assumed possible to prevent the entrance of the disease into a family; and if, unfortunately, it has once entered, then it is still possible to stamp it out. Knowledge, intelligence, and superiority to sheer want are needed for acting fully upon these ideas; but to get them partially acted upon is a thing worth trying for.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES proceeded on Thursday to Obishurst on a visit to the Empress of the French.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA has ordered the transfer of the collections of art-treasures from Sèvres to Versailles.

THE LORD MAYOR ELECT (Mr. Alderman Dakin) has nominated as his Chaplain for the year of his mayoralty the Rev. F. Lloyd Jones, M.A., Ordinary of Newgate.

MR. JAMES GRIFFITHS, of the Oxford Circuit, has been appointed Recorder of Reading.

MR. BUSHBY, the newly-appointed magistrate at Worship-street Police Court, took his seat for the first time on Monday.

THE DEATH OF LORD AYONMORE, which took place in Dublin on Monday, raises to the Irish Peerage Major W. C. Yelverton, the hero of the Longworth and Yelverton romance—or scandal.

MR. BAXTER LANGLEY has issued an address to the electors of Colchester in the interests of the Contagious Diseases Act Repeal Association.

THE BRITISH STEAMER SAPHIRE has been lost on the Florida Reefs, but all persons on board have been saved.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL C. J. ARBUTHNOT, Colonel of the 72nd Highlanders, is announced. General Arbuthnot was in his seventy-second year, and entered the Army in 1816.

LORD MAYO intends to establish a college in India to educate the sons of Thikours and chiefs.

MISS RYE and about thirty-five children left King's-cross for Liverpool, en route for America, on Wednesday morning, and it is expected that forty-two more will join them at Liverpool.

DR. JACOBY and some other political prisoners have been released by a Royal order.

THE REMAINS OF MICHAEL BALFE, the eminent composer, who died a few days ago, were removed on Wednesday from Romney Abbey, Hertfordshire, for interment in Kensal-green Cemetery. It is proposed to subscribe to a memorial to the deceased composer.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has sent the following telegram to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin:—"I request thee to accept the order of St. George, third class, which thou hast so well merited. God grant that the war may soon be ended by a lasting peace!"

DR. WRIGHT, LL.D., of Queens' College, and the holder of honorary degrees from the Universities of St. Andrew's and Leyden, has been elected Professor of Arabic at the University of Cambridge.

CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN, C.B., has signified his intention to the Admiralty to take the retirement of his rank.

SIR THOMAS BAZLEY, M.P., Professor Huxley, and Mr. Matthew Arnold have been nominated governors of Owens College, under the Extension Act of last Session. The office is purely honorary.

THE REV. W. MANBY COLEGRAVE, lately a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, has been received into the communion of the Church of England.

THE LORD CHIEF BARON, in opening the commission of oyer and terminer at Dublin on Wednesday, complimented the grand jury on the comparative lightness of the calendar, there being only one case of a serious nature to be tried.

AN EXPLOSION OF GUNPOWDER took place on Wednesday morning at the works of Messrs. Sharpe, at Ewell, in which one man was killed and two others were injured. The accident took place in one of the corn-houses, and was confined to that building.

A SHOCK OF AN EARTHQUAKE was felt at 11.30 a.m. on the 20th inst., both in the United States and Canada. Buildings cracked in Boston and Bangor. A rumbling was heard, and a vibratory motion was distinctly felt at New York, Montreal, Toronto, and St. Katharine. In some towns much alarm was created. The shocks lasted twenty seconds.

AN ADDRESS to the ratepayers of the metropolis, in reference to the forthcoming election of the London School Board, has been issued by the Society of Arts. In this document political and religious controversies are deprecated, and the electors are advised to return men and women who have given proofs that they are competent for the position to which they aspire.

A POST-OFFICE NOTIFICATION states that, "as the Papal States now form part of the kingdom of Italy, correspondence addressed to places in those States will henceforward be subject to the same rates of postage and conditions of transmission as correspondence for Italy."

AN EXHIBITION OF POULTRY, PIGEONS, AND PHEASANTS is to be held at the Crystal Palace in December, during the time of the Cattle Show. The prizes are very numerous and valuable, there being nearly forty cups, and the total amounts to between £600 and £700. The entries close on Nov. 12.

THE HEALTH OF ARCHDEACON DENISON has undergone a change for the better. In a letter from East Brent, the rev. gentleman says:—"I am recovering from my late very heavy relapse; but am absolutely interdicted from doing anything, or thinking about any manner of business, for six months to come."

THE FRENCH have now followed the example of the Prussians by taking precautions to secure the identification of the killed and wounded. The Gardes Mobiles in Paris have each received a little card, on which the name, surname, age, abode, and birthplace of each are inscribed. This card is to be sewn inside the tunic of each Garde Mobile.

THE "AMAZONS-OF-THE-SEINE" movement has already collapsed—the office which had been opened in Paris for the enrolment of amazons having been seized by the police, and all documents relative to the enrolments confiscated.

AN UNUSUALLY HIGH TIDAL WAVE visited Hastings on Monday. The sea dashed over the piers and into the front thoroughfares for nearly two hours, and the basements of several houses were flooded. Considerable damage was done to the South-Coast Railway, between St. Leonards and Bexhill.

MESSRS. MORGAN have issued the prospectus of a new French loan for £10,000,000. It is to be taken up in redeemable six-per-cent bonds of £20, £100, £500, and £1000 each. The price of issue is £85 for £100, at which the return to the subscribers, reckoning allowances, will be equal to 7½ per cent. per annum, irrespective of the advantage of the sinking fund.

MR. TAIN, the American, has made a speech at Marseilles, in which he urged upon the hearers the necessity of fighting against the invaders to the last, and promised that 100,000 rifles, with powder, bullets, and ammunition, should be sent over to France from America. His remarks are said to have been "frantically applauded."

THE NATIONAL REVENUE from April 1 to Oct. 22 amounted to £33,689,156, or less by rather under four millions sterling than the receipts in the corresponding period of last year. So far the expenditure has been £39,555,332, and this is less by a million and a half than the issues from the Exchequer twelve months ago. The balance in the Bank of England on Saturday last was £1,166,809.

THE INHABITANTS OF GIVENNE AND BOUILLON, in Belgium, are doing a profitable trade in war curiosities. Large consignments of worthless old arms are sent to them which are disposed of to tourists as trophies of the battle of Sedan. The story is told of an Englishman who bought a flint-lock pistol, to take it home, as he said, as a proof of the carelessness of the French Administration, which in 1870 still used the arms of the First Empire.

THE GERMAN GOVERNOR OF ALSACE announces that a Commission has been appointed for the purpose of completely restoring Strasbourg Cathedral, "that jewel of the German nation." The scaffolding will be immediately erected, and in a few weeks, it is hoped, every trace of the recent lamentable period will have disappeared from the magnificent edifice. The German people, adds the Governor, will joyfully contribute the necessary means.

THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISIONISTS, according to the *Record*, have voted that the true translation of our Lord's Prayer is "Deliver us from the evil one," and not "from evil," as now rendered. They also agree to expunge the doxology at the end of the prayer, as absent from all the earliest manuscripts. The same paper says that the Archbishop of Canterbury is desirous to promote a reform of Convocation, but is indisposed to the admission of laymen; and that he is desirous that a committee of prelates shall be appointed by the Upper House of Convocation to consider a plan for the revision of the Prayer-Book.

A MARVELLOUS DISPLAY OF AURORA BOREALIS took place on Monday evening. As seen in London, through a somewhat murky atmosphere, it appeared to cover the heavens with crimson; while accounts from the provinces speak of its principal hue as a brilliant carmine in a band of great width, stretching from east to west, with vivid coronations of white and yellow, flashing incessantly from its northern and southern sides. The display was repeated on Tuesday night; and it seems the electrical excitement seriously interfered with the working of the telegraphs. The electrical disturbances were observable more especially in the north of England and in Ireland.

THE LOUNGER.

IN society, using the word in its largest sense, there are not only wheels within wheels, but worlds within worlds; and, as a rule, every member of society dwells within his own world, and knows but little, accurately, of any other. For example; what does the High Church Ritualist, with his notions of right divine and apostolical succession, really know about the Dissenting world, which he looks down upon with such supercilious scorn? what does a lonely sheep farmer on the Cumberland fells know about the London world, which, by-the-way, is separated into a score of worlds? and what can a territorial aristocrat know about the great middle and greater lower class? Nothing. And this is what Gladstone meant when he said of the Peers, "These men live in balloons." Your Lounge, too, lives in his own world. But, aware of this, and also that his proneness to nestle too closely in his own world, to dwell too much among his own people, limits his power to interest his readers, he occasionally looks over and indeed makes incursions into other worlds—not often bodily, for it is not easy to scale the fence which separates your own world from others; and if by some chance you accomplish this feat, it is 10 to 1 that you do not find yourself at home. But mentally you can enter; and in this way most of these worlds have now their authorised organs—i.e., their newspapers or magazines; and by reading these you may get a peep and mentally make an incursion into other worlds without leaving your study chair. I often buy a lot of these special organs at a railway stall when I am about to travel, and I can assure you I find them very amusing and also instructive—i.e., thus far, if no farther. They tell me what I did not know. The *Church Times*, for example, is a very amusing and instructive paper. It is the high, or rather say it is the highest, Ritualistic organ. Of course, I have long known that there is a Ritualistic party, and that it plays very fantastic tricks; but until I took to reading the *Church Times* I had no idea that there was anything going on in this kingdom so ludicrously absurd as the practices which are disclosed in the columns of that paper. However, I am not going to quote from that paper now, but from another religious paper—to wit, the *Christian World*. And, first, a word about this print. It professes to be cosmopolitan—that is to say, within the religious boundary. It is not the organ of a sect or party in the Church, but represents, or at all events reports the proceedings of, all parties; and herein it is wise. "He who throws the biggest net," says the proverb, "will catch the most fish;" and the *Christian World* is a very drag net, sweeping the religious stream from bank to bank; and, naturally, it is a very prosperous paper, and, to an outsider like myself, it is very amusing at times. Now for my extracts, or rather the religious news, which I have got from one of its numbers:—

There has been a Church Congress at Southampton. At that congress a Mr. Archdeacon Freeman spoke. Did you ever hear of Mr. Archdeacon Freeman? He is a noted Ritualistic parson, it seems; but I never heard of the gentleman before. But, no matter. Thus spake Mr. Freeman upon the theme, "The Evidence of Christian Antiquity as to Ritual":—"Ritual," he said, "is a Divine institution. It came down from Heaven, and is as necessary to salvation as sound doctrine or as the practice of holiness;" and then, after much more skilful-scamble stuff, he tells us, as a proof of the antiquity of Ritualism, that an episcopal vestment is spoken of (in the New Testament) as having been left behind him by Paul. What think you of that, my readers? Salvation by creeds has been doubted; but for a clergyman to preach that bowings, and crossings, and prostrations, and instructions, and wearing of vestments, are as necessary to salvation as the practice of holiness—which, if these people could but see it, is salvation—is something quite new (at least to me) and startlingly absurd; whilst turning "the cloak which I (Paul) left at Troas" into an episcopal vestment, is exquisitely ludicrous. The people interrupted the reading of this paper by crying "No, no!" The wonder is that when the Archdeacon reached his climax they did not burst out into a roar of laughter. Bishop Wilberforce presided, and, with his sensitiveness to the ludicrous, it must have taxed severely his "power of face" to keep the corners of his mouth well down. A Mr. Elliot, a layman, followed on the other side, and it would be simple injustice not to notice his brave reply; but I can only give one sentence of it. He told the people that sacerdotal ritual "makes gods of priests and serfs of Christians, and utterly destroys that family ideal which Christ lived and died to effect." Hear! hear! brave Mr. Elliot. If the Church of England can be saved, such men as he will have to save it.

And now I will narrate some interesting facts connected with the early history of the *Christian World*. But first let me say that these facts were not got from the proprietor, or anybody connected with, the *Christian World*. I do not know a soul connected with the paper. Early in this century a field labourer was living in a village where kitchen gardening is extensively carried on. There was not much in the appearance of the man to indicate that he was superior to other men of his class. But I fancy that he or his wife must have been something uncommon; for whilst, as a rule, field labourers bring forth field labourers generation after generation, no member of the family ever rising to a higher grade, all this man's sons, and he had several, broke their bonds, and, with more or less success, took to different and higher occupations. Well, one of them became a Dissenting minister, and for many years held a respectable position in the Nonconformist world; and, but for certain circumstances which I will mention, might have held this position to the day of his death. The circumstances were these. He was a clever man—had read a good deal in a discursive way—but his early education had been very imperfect, and he lacked steadiness of purpose to educate himself. Moreover, he was restlessly ambitious, either to increase his store or to make himself a name; and, consequently, he was always scheming and inventing—trying this or trying that—but always with little or no success. And all that he achieved for many long years was failure and consequent annoying and damaging pecuniary embarrassments. Poor man! I knew him well, and heartily liked him, with his bright talk and hopeful, vivacious temperament, and often gave him good advice to stick to his calling and his books, which he received always with the greatest good-humour but never followed. About twenty years ago I lost sight of him for a time. Suddenly, however, I met him in London, whither he had migrated, having resigned his pastorate and given up regular preaching. He was still scheming and still hopeful. He had launched a paper, which was sure to pay, and even make his fortune. I smiled and shook my head, and we parted. Some time afterwards—it may, though, have been a year or two—I saw by the paper that he was dead. And now for the dénouement of my little tale. The paper which he had started was this *Christian World*, and from the first it was a success, and soon really did promise to be a fortune. After wellnigh forty years of forcing and struggling, he had, then, succeeded at last. Yes, he had succeeded at last, but not to enjoy his success, for he had but just obtained "the fair guerdon" which he had long hoped to find, when

Came the Blind Fury, with abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-span life.

But, though he could not enjoy the guerdon himself, I was pleased to learn that the sale of this paper brought a comfortable competency to his widow. And now a word or two about the paper founded by my old friend. It is a very well-conducted paper, and a very fair picture of the "Christian world" which it represents, and very useful to those who belong to said Christian world, and also those, like myself, who stand apart, but like now and then to look into said Christian world.

And now I return to the political world, into which, though I scarcely belong to it, I am compelled very often to make incursions. The Liberals of Colchester have lost their excellent member, Mr. Gurdon Rebow, and have to choose another. They ought to have fixed upon a local man, and would gladly have done so, but could not find one. Gentlemen of Liberal politics in a position to

be members of Parliament are scarce in that neighbourhood; and so, as time pressed, they were obliged to take up with one recommended by the agent of the Liberal party—to wit, Sir Henry Storks, and, as he is quite unknown there, and is not a very pronounced politician, nor a powerful speaker, but little enthusiasm can be got up in his favour, and it would not surprise me if he should be defeated. There are, though, some good signs;—a Mr. Sangster, a "reviver of British industry," went down to draw off, if possible, some Liberal votes. But he was soon unmasked, and found to be simply a Tory, and dismissed. Then Mr. Baxter Langley appeared on the stage and called a meeting, but he could make no way. "What do you do here?" was the answer to him. "It will be time enough for you to come when you are asked." And there was such a row that Mr. Baxter Langley was glad to get away with a whole skin. The Liberals at the last general election returned two members—one by a majority of 183, the other by 133. But nearly 400 men did not vote. Most of them, it is said, are Tories, who were neutralised by the influence of Mr. Rebow, whose home is only about four miles from the town.

The loss of her Majesty's ship Captain, and the extraordinarily heavy catalogue of disasters at sea that have marked the year 1869-70, have made the subject of naval architecture and the construction, fitting, finding, and furnishing of ships generally more than ever important; and I am accordingly glad to find the council of the Institution of Naval Architects are making a vigorous effort to promote discussion, and thereby elicit useful information, on all topics connected with the art to which the members of the institution specially devote their attention. The annual meeting takes place in March next, and the council have issued a circular inviting communications for the occasion with the object of rendering the *Transactions* for the year 1871 more than usually valuable and voluminous. In the hope of helping the good work as far as I can, I beg to append the list of subjects on which communications are invited, simply premising that it is not the intention of the council to restrict gentlemen desirous of reading papers on other matters cognate to the subject of naval architecture. The topics on which contributions are specially invited are:—1. The armament of ships of war. 2. The construction and armament of ships of war for the protection of commerce. 3. The construction of vessels for coast defence. 4. The effect on naval construction of torpedoes or other modes of submarine attack. 5. On the results of the best modern practice in ocean steam navigation, with reference to the latest modern improvements—such as surface condensation, super-heating, compound engines, and the like; also the value of each of these taken separately, and especially the results of any actual experiments to test this point. 6. On economy of fuel in marine engines, with detailed results. 7. On the life and cost of maintenance of merchant steam-ships. 8. Composite building. 9. The design and construction of yachts. 10. On legislative interference with the construction, stowage, and equipment of ships. 11. The effect upon shipbuilding of Lloyd's rules, the Liverpool rules, and the rules of other similar societies for the classification of ships; and on ships not classed. 12. On methods for the proper strengthening of ships of extreme proportions, and on the precautions necessary to ensure their safety at sea. 13. On the present state of knowledge of the strength of materials as applied to shipbuilding, with especial reference to the use of steel. 14. On the masting of ships, and on iron and steel masts and yards. 15. On the disposition and construction of bulkheads, and on their attachment to the sides of iron ships. 16. On the prevention of fouling of the bottoms of iron ships. 17. On machines for the economising of labour in the construction of ships. 18. On the use of machinery for economising labour on board ship, whether merchant ships or ships of war, and whether for loading or manœuvring. 19. On telegraphic or other communication of orders on board ship. 20. On the conveyance of passengers and goods over estuaries and straits, and on railway ferries. 21. On floating structures for special purposes—such as docks, lighters, tank vessels, light-ships, telegraph-ships, and others. 22. On ships' boats, especially those propelled by steam power, and with particular reference to vessels having little or no rigging. 23. On the steering of ships, and on steering apparatus. 24. On the correction of compasses in iron ships. 25. On the measure and amount of resistance opposed to a ship's progress by the water through which it moves. 26. Exact information (either experimental or theoretical) on the efficiency of propellers. 27. On the economic value of form and proportion both in merchant vessels and in ships of war. All papers should be sent to the Secretary, at 9, Adelphi-terrace, London, W.C., not later than March 1.

I have much pleasure in responding to a request to call attention to a movement that is now in progress in one of the poorest, foulest, and most neglected districts of London—Cow-cross and its neighbourhood. The Cow-cross Mission, under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. Catlin, has already done good work, and is making an attempt to extend its usefulness. There are in existence a mission-hall, school-rooms, soup kitchen, &c. Domestic visits are made among over 1000 poor families; there are Bible classes, mothers' meetings, temperance meetings, an emigration society, a penny bank, &c.; and now it is proposed to add a ragged school and infant nursery for "ragged London in the Centre." The committee for promoting this object say:—"Cow-cross" is a human warren, in the very centre of the great metropolis, alongside of old 'Smithfield,' and close to the spot where the martyrs were burnt. The only ragged school in the parish is a Roman Catholic one, and this has hitherto been crowded with children of poor Protestant parents. The owner of some property in the district has nobly handed over, 'rent-free to the Cow-cross Mission,' a substantial three-story building, which has been erected at his own cost, on the site of the Old White Horse public-house. It is admirably adapted for a school, and adjoins the new and commodious mission premises in White Horse-alley, Cow-cross-street. A day school has been commenced, and a female teacher has a hundred little ones under her charge. Large numbers are begging to be admitted, and we hope soon to have a paid master and another female teacher, and then to open the doors and gather in at least 400 bigger boys and girls. Annual subscriptions or donations for the teachers' salaries will be thankfully received by Alexander Rivington, Esq., treasurer, 52, St. John's-square, Clerkenwell, E.C., and William Catlin, superintendent, 18, Hemingford-road, Islington, N. Funds for the work of the mission are greatly needed, and, I hope, will be forthcoming. While the charitable public give liberally for the relief of suffering and privation abroad, they ought not to forget that there is a huge mass of suffering, privation—yea, positive starvation—at their own doors which has a stronger claim upon their consideration. There is one thing, however, against which I would like to caution the promoters of this and other benevolent efforts—and that is, not to allow anything like a sectarian spirit to taint their operations. The allusion to the Roman Catholic ragged school sounds a little ominous to my ear; I trust it is only in sound, not in substance, that the remark is objectionable. If good work be done, I, for one, don't care who does it.

A new work by Lord Lytton, entitled "King Arthur," and illustrated by Edward Hughes, Clarke Stanton, Charles Green, and others, will be published on the 1st proximo, by Charlton Tucker. Among other items of literary news I may mention that he will shortly appear a series of twelve brief poems by the Poet Laureate, which are connected by a love story, and will be illustrated by as many designs by Mr. Arthur Hughes. The verses will be accompanied by music, the composition of Mr. Sullivan, and issued in a handsome manner as a table-book of the first class in square octavo. Mr. J. C. Earle is engaged upon a work to be called "Lives of the English Premiers, from Sir Robert Walpole to Sir Robert Peel."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER. THE MAGAZINES.

When under able management, it is curious to notice how a magazine acquires a positive character and how steadily it keeps

it. The *Fortnightly Review* and the *Contemporary Review* have both undergone some slight change, and yet they are both essentially what they were from the first, and both good. As to the *Fortnightly*, Mr. G. H. Lewes was too preoccupied a man to edit it with sufficient sensitiveness to those "demands of the day" which go so far to determine what a periodical ought to be; but Mr. John Morley, who is much more of a publicist and politician, has been equal to the occasion. The *Contemporary* has of late undergone a change—in the line of its original direction, but still a change—and it is much the better for it. A finer number than the last there could hardly be. First comes a paper by Professor Fröschhammer, of Munich, on "The Papacy and National Life." This gentleman, as a few of your readers may possibly not know, is a distinguished Liberal Catholic, and all he writes is interesting. But he fails to justify himself in this little study; for in his ideal of a "free Church in a free State," the functions of the State and of the Church in some of the most important particulars "inoculate" and get jumbled in such a manner that neither of the two has a definite and sufficient reason of existence. Professor Fröschhammer must travel further and dare a little more before he is logical. In "Principles and Lessons of the War" Mr. J. M. Ludlow exhibits the peculiarity which all the "proletariat" writers have shown, with the exception (if he belongs to the category) of Mr. Goldwin Smith. They all seem to think that the French Emperor once out of the way, the war should end; and they all make the gross blunder—made also by Jules Favre, Victor Hugo, Arles Dufour, and a heap of others—namely, that Prussia declared that she made war only against the French Emperor. One is sorry to find Mr. Ludlow reiterating this mistake, and "supporting" it by extracts which bear no such construction. I will hear anything Mr. Ludlow pleases against Bismarck, but should like to see him a little more clear-headed. Clear-headedness, however, is too much to expect from almost any writer of the Broad Church, or even the proletariat, school. Mr. H. K. Haweis on "Music and Emotion" is very delightful; but he has not guarded himself as well as his known gift of humour might have enabled him to do. It is too bad to utter a word of complaint about a paper of such high and rare quality; but he is surely too fast in what he affirms about the song of birds and human imitations of their notes. It may be quite true that nature nowhere presents man "with such an arrangement of consecutive sounds as can be called a musical subject, or theme, or melody;" but it does not follow that the pleasure you get from the song of a blackbird or a nightingale is not in kind the same as that which you get from one of Mendelssohn's songs without words. Still less is this proved by the fact that an imitation of the nightingale's notes, if we only saw the imitation, would be "dull, monotonous, and unmeaning." Mr. Haweis has come near to the exact expression of the truth in this matter, but has not precisely hit it. The paper, however, is one which I shall read a good many times yet, so criticism may be postponed. "Joseph Mazzini," by a lady, is a noble paper, and does not overstep the truth in its estimate of what he "has done for Italy." I have personal reason to know that he is the same man in small things as he is in great. The Rev. John Gill, on "The Prussian State and Prussian Literature," is well timed, and quite up to its pretensions. "The War and General Culture," by Mr. Arthur Helps, is a most interesting opening of a series of papers which I hope will not be too short. But once again I have to fall foul of this distinguished writer for what I maintain is downright nonsense. No quarter to the man who "believes that a good memory is not an original gift, but merely the result of an attention which anybody might give!" If Milverton does not mean this as a stroke of modesty (in answering Ellesmere) it is very near being a stroke of insanity; and not all my respect for Mr. Helps can prevent my saying so. Of course, every natural gift may be improved or degraded; but there is, in truth, not a single particular in which human beings manifest more glaringly congenital differences than this of memory—differences both of kind and degree. Mr. Helps's doctrine is not only contrary to all observed fact, it is abstractly irreconcilable with any conceivable philosophy of the mind. Considering the pleasure and profit for which I am indebted to the writings of this author, it is lucky for me that this utterly astounding dictum did not happen to be printed in the first page of his that came under my eye. If it had been, I should have served the book as Wordsworth served "Wilhelm Meister"—flung it across the room, and should never have thought of Mr. Helps again without irritation. Professor Maurice on "The Athanasian Creed" is intensely characteristic, and utterly unconvincing.

The *Fortnightly* has a well-timed article on Father Arndt, the poet, or at least the balladist, of German unity. The "Song of Gneisenau" is a capital bit of translation. But till Jacoby is out of prison, we English shall not be at peace with the Germans or in love with their "unity" as we would desire to be. Mr. W. B. Scott on "Ornamental Art in England" is what is called "sound," but rather dry, considering the nature of the subject. Mr. James Gairdner on "Jack Cade and his Rebellion" is the "sensation" paper of the number, and very interesting it is. I for one had no idea that Jack Cade was an Irishman, or that he was probably not a low-born person. But that "Cade's rebellion" may be considered as the first move in the struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster "is what must have struck plenty of thinking people. The editor's remarks on "England and the War," and especially what he has to say, or to quote, against the Landwehr system as utterly unsuitable to Great Britain, demand more emphatic notice than they could receive in this column. But this one sentence may be extracted, and will, let us all hope, be extensively read and digested:—"One must look with suspicion upon any project either for military reorganisation or anything else in the sphere of national reconstruction which comes to us with the recommendation of certain journals notorious for their anti-popular instincts; and a Lord who, under the cloak of Liberal professions, conceals an obstructiveness that the possession of a little intellectual force would have perhaps made a serious public nuisance." Bravo! Mr. Morley. Let us devoutly hope the working classes and virile youth in general of this free country will not fall into the feudal trap which is being deliberately set for them under cover of the "national defence" cry. Mr. Morley would do a public service if he were to amplify these warnings of his, and print them in a penny tract for general circulation. Mr. Morley agrees with most wise people in condemning Germany's annexation ideas as to Alsace and North Lorraine; but he retains clearly and firmly in his mind the perception that, on the one hand, it is idle to pretend that the war should have ended at Sedan by the retiring of the Germans; while, on the other, he sees that any appeal to them not to "annex" can only be founded on a morality new to international war-making. "Anne Furness" is the most readable story the *Fortnightly* has yet printed.

The *Monthly Packet* contains some interesting personal sketches relating to the war.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The return of Madame Celeste has worked a miracle at the Adelphi. Of late years the Adelphi has not been what it was. Since Mr. Fechter left, the public has appeared determined to "fight shy" of the theatre altogether. But the public has taken a sudden whim into its head to patronise the Adelphi, Madame Celeste, and an old Adelphi drama. It is a quarter of a century since "The Green Bushes" was first produced. Old playgoers will have a lively recollection of Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Mrs. Yates, Hudson and Selby, Wright and Paul Bedford. Of these only Paul Bedford remains, and he, poor fellow! is in no condition to declaim "I believe you, my boy!" in a solemn and pompous fashion, or to assist in the mad tomfoolery of Muster Grinnidge and "Jack his man." But here, in the year 1870, is the same Madame Celeste, apparently as fresh and active and full of play as ever. According to the announcement, this favourite actress is to play an engagement of twelve nights, and then to disappear from the footlights for ever. But I expect this verdict will be reversed. The traveller along the Strand, for the first time for

many years, notices a crowd at the Adelphi doors at six o'clock in the evening. This crowd means money; it also means that the old Adelphi drama and the old Adelphi actress are appreciated. So I shall not be far out if I prophesy that "The Green Bushes" will be played beyond the given dozen nights; and after that no doubt we shall have "The Flowers of the Forest" and "The House on the Bridge," and many another drama from the Celeste repertoire. But what an extraordinary creature is the British public! Madame Celeste was at the Princess's only the other day; the public did not rush to see her. She was at the Surrey: the house was comparatively empty. But now that she has returned to the Adelphi, the Strand in the immediate neighbourhood of the theatre is impassable at six o'clock. Mrs. Mellon's Nelly O'Neil is a charming performance; and Mrs. Billington's Geraldine very passionate and powerful. Mr. Rouse and Mr. Charles Wilnot make the people laugh, and I wonder at it. Neither of them is funny, and the parts as parts are atrocious. In fact, between ourselves, Mr. Editor, the celebrated Adelphi drama is anything but a good play. Association and a certain conservatism peculiar to playgoers make the play a new success. The young generation has heard so much of "The Green Bushes," and of Madame Celeste, and Wright, and Bedford, that the play is accepted as good, the heroine is welcomed as an old and faithful friend, and the comic gentlemen are laughed at because they copy some of Wright's outrageous business. I do not see very much improvement in the Adelphi scenery. The stage management still wants looking after, and the gain of Mr. Chatterton to the management has been the loss to the public of sixpence on every programme. Mr. Webster was one of the sensible managers who stopped the "fee system," who presented programmes to the public, and discountenanced extortion. Mr. Chatterton has restored the old race of greedy boxkeepers, with all their audacity, rapacity, and pertinacity. There is no excuse in the world for this. The gratis system has been done, and it is done elsewhere. To restore the old dodge where the new system of courtesy prevailed is utterly indefensible.

Mr. Buckstone and his company have returned to the Haymarket. They have been welcomed back with enthusiasm, and the audience last Monday night, when "The Rivals" was played, was emphatically encouraging. With Mr. Buckstone as Bob Acres, Mr. Chippendale as Sir Anthony Absolute, Mrs. Chippendale as Mrs. Malaprop, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in the characters of Captain Absolute and Lydia Languish, I need hardly say the audience was delighted. It was altogether a capital performance. A charming little comedietta places a second laurel crown on Mr. Theyre Smith, the author of "A Happy Pair." The new trifle is called "Uncle's Will," and is altogether a very elegant play. I should not be surprised to be told that the notion of it is derived from a French play; but the dialogue is decidedly English. It is neat, pointed, and smart, occasionally strained, but always pleasant. Mr. Kendal and Miss Robertson are capital in it. I do not really suppose that "Uncle's Will" could have been better played. This comedietta is so satisfactory in every way that I do not hesitate to recommend it warmly. I am sorry that Miss Robertson has attempted Constance in "The Love Chase." She is a very charming actress, but she cannot play Constance. Something more than mere excitability is needed for the character. Breadth, weight, experience, are all requisite: indeed, Miss Robertson's volubility is so tremendous that at times she is perfectly indistinct. You can only catch one word in a dozen. But I suppose leading ladies must take the lead at all hazards. It is a pity, Miss Robertson; it is a great pity.

Miss Henrietta Hodson, at the ROYALTY, has revived Mr. Reece's burlesque of "The Stranger Stranger than Ever," which was originally produced at the Queen's. Miss Hodson is capital in it. She understands thoroughly the spirit of burlesque; but, unfortunately, she is indifferently supported, and the revival can only be satisfactory to those who love outrageous breakdowns and modern tomfoolery. The Royalty company wants strengthening, and until it is strengthened I fear Miss Hodson will not be able to do much. She is a capital actress and a clever lady, but she cannot work single-handed.

This (Saturday) evening Mdlle. Déjazet appears at the new Opéra Comique in the Strand, to which theatre she will bring the whole of her Parisian company.

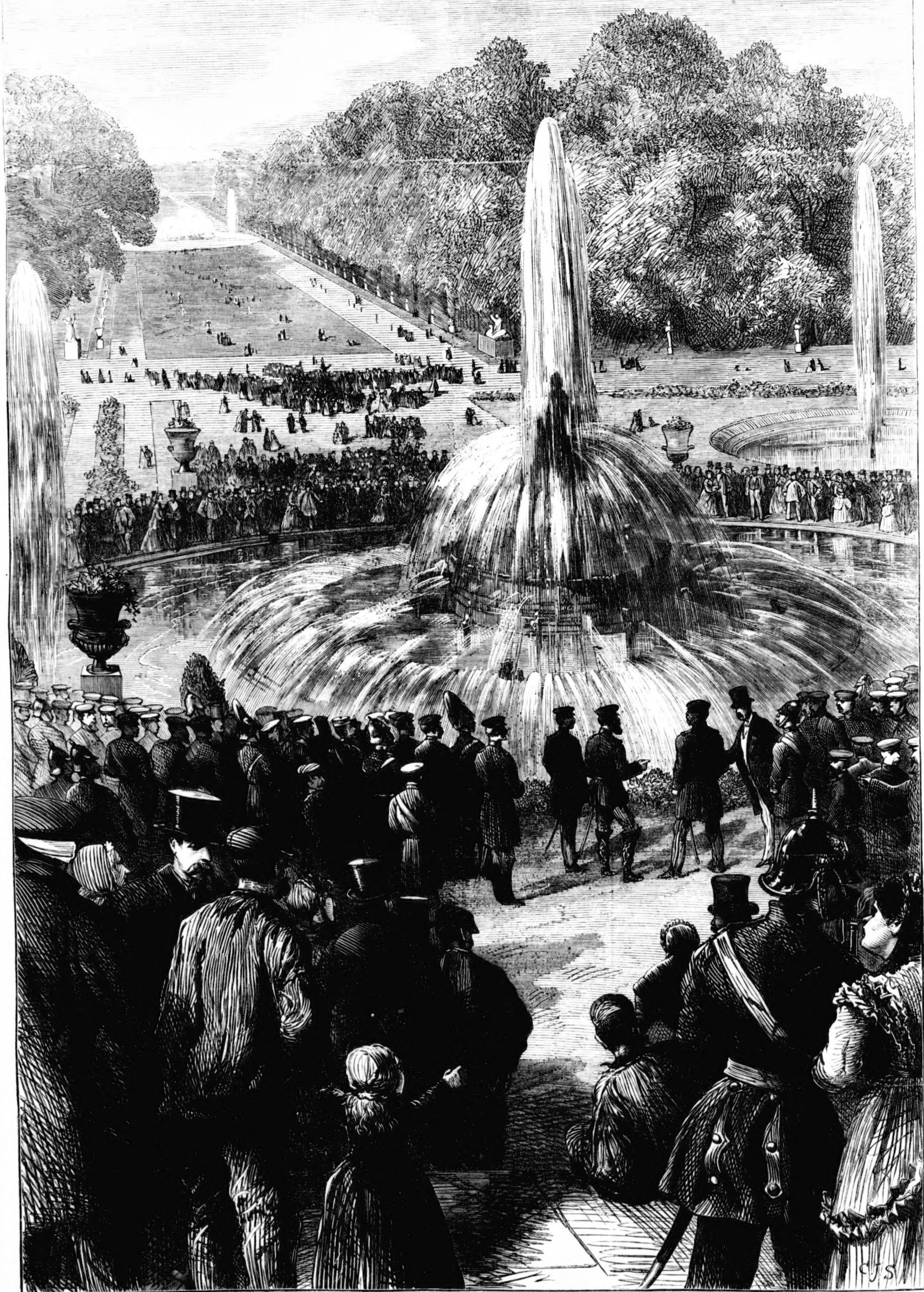
Mr. W. S. Gilbert's fairy comedy, which I hear is thought very highly of at the theatre, is almost ready at the Haymarket. I expect it will be produced in a fortnight's time.

Mr. Alfred Thompson is engaged upon a new opéra bouffe for the Gaiety, which will be produced, with original music by Hervé, at Christmas.

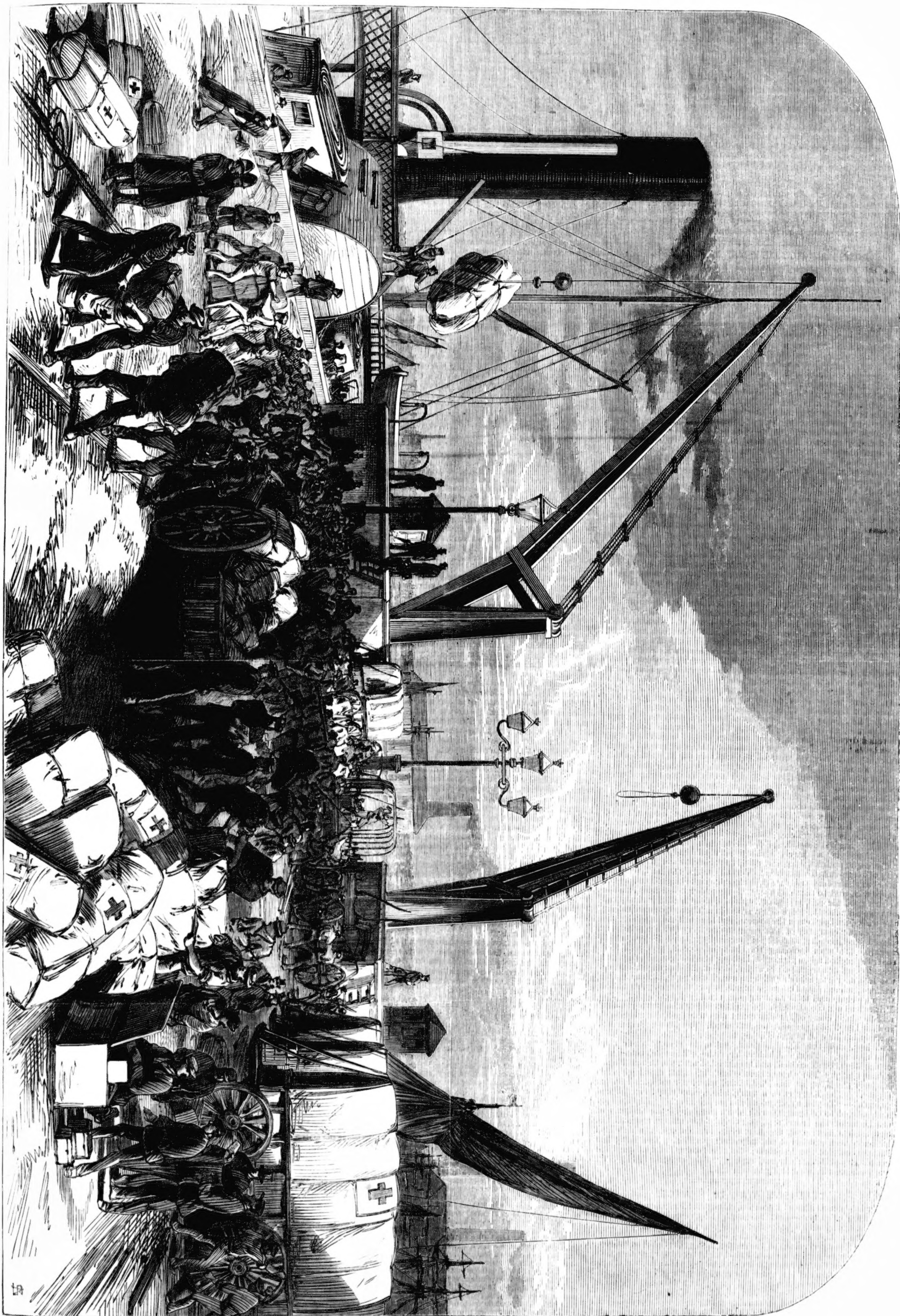
The Covent Garden pantomime will be written by Mr. Gilbert a Beckett and Mr. Charles H. Ross. Wilkie Collins is dramatising "No Name" for the Princess's, and Mr. Gilbert is at work at "Great Expectations" for the Gaiety. Mr. G. F. Rowe will play Captain Wragg, and Mr. J. L. Toole, Joe Gargery. A drama by Mr. Burnand is in rehearsal at the Adelphi.

MR. GLADSTONE has promised to preside at the closing of the Workmen's International Exhibition, which will take place on Tuesday next. As the prizes are very numerous, and consequently will take some time in preparation, it will probably be necessary to have a further meeting after the close of the exhibition.

FRANCS-TIREURS AND THE LAWS OF WAR.—The *Independence Suisse* of the 16th inst. contains the following article, headed "Franco-Tireurs and Free Corps":—"War is exclusively a relation between State and State. This is the principle which determines its laws and usages. War is carried on between two Sovereign persons, between two political Powers. It is not made between individuals as members of a belligerent State, but between the armies which represent the nation. The strict rules of war should only be applied to the soldiers. The citizens who are not under arms remain beyond these pitiless laws; they may have their public rights suspended by the invasion of the enemy, but their private rights they retain. If they enter into a military organisation, and operate without joining the regular army, do they become the agents of the State? What is their legal position towards their adversaries? Must the quality of belligerents be recognised in the free corps and the Franks-Tireurs, or should they be treated as bodies of pirates, as bands of malefactors and assassins? Can partisans united in independent bodies, and following up the principal army, be assimilated to prowlers and plunderers? In a word, do they render themselves liable to the laws of war or to the penal laws? The most rigid doctrine that formerly held placed them beyond reach of martial law. Public law in this matter has, fortunately, made progress in the direction of greater humanity. The instructions for the American armies in campaign, a short work, which is a masterpiece, to use the expression of M. Laboulaye, drawn up under the Lincoln Presidency, and M. Bluntschli, Professor at Heidelberg, distinctly assert that free corps, when captured, are prisoners of war. But to throw full light upon this subject, it will be useful to state precisely what are the essential and distinctive characters of free corps. They are—1, a political object, motives of public order, to combat the common enemy, the enemy of the nation. The doubtful point is, an authorisation, a sort of letter of marque, emanating from the national Government necessary? In 1859 and in 1866 the Garibaldians were provided with them, as are at this moment the French Franks, who are organising in each province or department, and are promised the active co-operation of the Administration. We do not, however, believe that authorisation indispensable. The American instructions do not require it, and M. Bluntschli adheres to this opinion. 'The dangers and the calamities of war,' says the eminent jurist, 'are diminished when the troops engaged in the struggle are treated in conformity with the laws of war, whereas in treating volunteers as criminals the risks run are increased. The expedition of Garibaldi in Sicily and to Naples in 1860, and to Rome in 1867, offer a recent and celebrated example of free corps, organised in military fashion, and making war without authorisation (express and public) from the State.' Without speaking of the unanimous reprobation which would have arisen, we will ask if the European Powers would have permitted the Pontifical Government to shoot the prisoners of Mentana? What precedes entitles us to repel the menaces uttered by some German newspapers with regard to the French Franks-Tireurs. The German Government, we feel assured, will treat them in accordance with the principles now recognised as those of progress and the humane law, so well explained by M. Bluntschli, formerly our countryman, but now a member of the first Chamber of the Grand Duke of Baden, and a Deputy to the German Customs Parliament. The Franks-Tireurs will be considered by the Allies as auxiliaries of the French army, fighting legitimately for the defence of their country, and entitled to as much esteem and respect as the soldiers of a regular army. To shoot those taken prisoners could only enter the head of some German chautains, or be suggested by journalists who are ignorant of the rules of international law."



PRUSSIAN ROYALTY AT VERSAILLES: A DISPLAY OF THE FOUNTAINS BEFORE KING WILLIAM AND HIS STAFF.



EMBARKATION OF AN AMBULANCE TRAIN AT WOOLWICH FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.

AMBULANCE TRAIN FROM WOOLWICH.

THE scene depicted in our Engraving represents the departure from Woolwich Arsenal of an ambulance train of twelve waggons, which has lately been forwarded to the seat of war under the auspices of the International Society for Aiding the Sick and Wounded. The carriages, which had been purchased from the War Department, were manufactured in the Royal Carriage Department, and the fitting-out and completion of them ready for active service actively occupied a gang of artificers during the greater part of a week. The broad arrow and W. D. have been removed from the sides and covers of the conveyances, and a large red cross on a white ground substituted, the words "Ambulance Anglaise" being added in plain characters. Every waggon has been constructed on the most improved principle, and is furnished with appliances for a severe campaign. Accommodation is provided for seven wounded in each vehicle; and no doubt the service the train is destined to render will fully justify the hopes and good wishes of those who have contributed to its equipment, as well as those of the crowd who witnessed and cheered its departure.

The Committee of the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War have published a general statement of disbursements and liabilities, showing that only a balance of £26,000 will remain in their hands after all outstanding engagements are met. The appeals for assistance, the committee state, far exceed their power to respond to them.

PRUSSIAN ROYALTY AT VERSAILLES.

As the custodians of the sacred blood of St. Januarius, at Naples, consented, however reluctantly, to perform the ceremony of liquefaction at the command of Garibaldi, in 1860, so have the persons in charge of the fountains at Versailles yielded to the demands of King William for a display of the far-famed waterworks; and the scene exhibited on the occasion is portrayed in our Engraving. Of far greater importance than this, however, was another event that has just occurred at Versailles. This was the celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of the Crown Prince of Prussia, who completed his thirty-ninth year on the 18th inst. There have been few Princes of the blood Royal, heirs to great thrones, whose birthday anniversaries have been celebrated under such circumstances. Deeply-read students may quote instances of more curious fortune to illustrious persons in somewhat analogous positions; but though a siege of Paris in itself is not a prodigy without precedent, though a Prussian and German in possession of Versailles and St. Germain is not a portent unparalleled, yet the present position of Paris as a fortified city and the development of a purely Germanic force in France are strange and abnormal, as the actual condition of things under which the Crown Prince kept Court at Versailles on his birthday was in the highest degree interesting and peculiar. The love which our own Edward bore for his Black Prince is renewed in the terms in which the aged King who now sits as conqueror in the palaces of Louis the Great speaks of the fair Fritz who is to sit, perhaps, on the throne of Imperial Germany. "Les Ombres," which the glory of the Crown Prince now illuminates, is the seat of a Calvinist or Lutheran lady, Madame André, widow of the Paris banker, André. It is in, and at the same time out, of Versailles. It puts one much in mind of some of the "retreats" one sees near Putney-heath or Roehampton, *mutatis mutandis*; a Protestant or Anglican *Maison Religieuse* near St. John's-wood might be found like it. You turn from what was once the busy, worldly, and perhaps sinful, street leading to the Point de Vue—the Rue des Chantiers—now a very pallid, flesh-mortified thoroughfare, with its eyes of life downcast and closed, under an arch of the railway into a lane-like street with a wall on the left hand, by trees and a wall on the right, and in front a screen of forest, and you see a crowd of soldiers and orderlies and led horses and carriages at a gateway in front. But before you reach it there is a Swiss chalet-like building to be passed on the right which ought to attract your attention, for there is a large text in French painted in black letters on a white ground along the front. That affords the index to many scriptural readings inside. At the gateway, where there are a couple of gendarmes lounging about, a couple of Landwehr of the Guard on duty, and orderlies, jägers, grooms, &c., there is a lodge with an inscription—a text (if we mistake not, it is "Peace be with thee") over the door. A gravelled drive through a small meadow dotted with clumps of trees leads to the house, which stands on a rising ground, from which there is a good view of the Château de Versailles; but before we reach it we come, on the right, to another Swiss-like chalet, with stables attached to it, and in this, not too sumptuously lodged, are the quarters of many of the Staff—of Colonel von Götberg, the most indefatigable, hard-working, hard-riding, clear-thinking, and courteous of men; of Dr. Wegener, who is never so happy as when he is visiting his hospitals and directing his battalions of *infirmiers*; of Count Seckendorff, when he is not "here, there, and everywhere" on duty; of M. von Blumenthal, the General's son, and others. The house is a large, chalet sort of building, not unpicturesque and not uncomfortable, but modest enough in such a city of large-sited mansions as Versailles. In the hall, over the doors in the rooms, are texts enjoining people to be good and not to make war, and to turn one cheek if the other be smitten, and to return good for evil, and so on, which, if duly heeded and worked out, would raise the siege of Paris at once. There are guards along the walks, and pickets in the avenue, and in one of the dependencies is the colour company of the regiment on duty (with the colours placed horizontally instead of vertically); and if you stroll towards the wall inclosing the belt of woods, you will find sentries perched up on platforms, looking over and guarding against freeshooters or surprises. Sentries, too, at the doorways; and on the 18th a great gathering of horses and carriages, officers in full uniform, an animated crowd, anxious to pay their respects to the Crown Prince and to write their names in the Royal book. The Prince had a levee at which the highest personages were present, and to which every officer who could get away from duty repaired, so that Les Ombres were bright indeed. The Crown Prince had a reception here at twelve o'clock, to which all the officers, high and low, and the King himself, came to present their congratulations. Prince Adalbert and the officers of State and of the Royal Staff arrived, and breakfasted with the Crown Prince subsequently. The Crown Prince and his staff dined with his Majesty the King at the Prefecture, where covers were laid for eighty. The King gave a toast, which was very grateful and graceful—"To you by whose means we are here!" His Majesty had ordered to be brought with him a number of the insignia of the Order of the Iron Cross, and twenty-two officers received the coveted distinction of the first class of this order, which had hitherto been conferred on only four persons. The King has hitherto refused the first class; but the Crown Prince placed one on his Royal father's breast, saying, "How can you think, Sir, your officers can wear it if you will not?"

DEFENSIVE WAR IN FRANCE.

It has passed almost into an axiom that French valour is the offspring of success—that it is inspired by victory beyond reasonable measure, and equally disheartened by defeat. To strike the first blow and earn thereby the advantage of the conqueror's prestige is supposed to be the recognised policy of her military chiefs. And yet, if we would read military history with a little more of close attention than is commonly given to it, we should find that no nation has more distinguished itself by determined pertinacity under reverses. It is not in the nature of the Frenchman to exhibit the stern, quiet, resolution which our fancy attributes to defenders of their country determined to do or die. He must be theatrical, noisy, and impulsive, whether he exults after a triumph or vows revenge after a disaster. But, if he has a good deal of brag in his character, he has also much more of

the "better dog" Holdfast than his demeanour might lead an observer to believe. We need go no farther back than the wars of the First Empire for proof of this; the whole course of events from Moscow to Fontenoy was but a series of bloody disasters for the French, varied only by a few hard-won and valueless victories. And yet the French soldier bore it all without flinching. No cowardly routs, no surrenders disgraced his hopeless resistance; and he faced about, at last, on the heights of Montmartre, as faithful to his cause and almost as defiant as he had shown himself when crossing the Niemen into Russia. But the characteristic of which we speak is exemplified in a still more remarkable manner in earlier history; and, though the times with which we are going to deal are now long gone by, the French national character has probably altered less than that of any people in Europe, except, perhaps, their neighbours the Spaniards. In two reigns the English invaded France in great force, under Edward III. and Henry V. On each occasion the first successes obtained by England were overwhelming—the French disasters absolutely crushing. After Poitiers, and again after Agincourt, France was prostrate. Her most flourishing provinces and wealthiest cities were all in the hands of the invader. Such of her princes and nobility as had escaped destruction fled with each other, except a few patriots, in doing homage to him. The feeble elements of resistance collected behind the Loire were laughed at in England and France alike; the "King of Blois" seemed the shadow of a shade. Whenever France ventured out from under the cover of her few ramparts and crossed lances in the field, defeat followed as a matter of course; and yet the end, which seemed always at hand, never arrived. England sent out army after army, until her own warlike resources began to fail; and, unable to extort more from her impoverished victim, she was driven to the very unpopular necessity of paying her own armies. Twice Edward III. dispatched new armaments far more than sufficient to fight Cressy over again; twice they marched from one end to the other of France without opposition; twice they melted away, unable to hold to any advantage the ground over which they had passed unresisted. And the same phenomenon repeated itself under Henry VI. It was a bitter pill to English pride to find that England must perforce retreat from a land which she had subdued by unheard-of victories and on which she had suffered in the field little but occasional and insignificant reverses. Shakespeare, as is his wont, expresses the very heart's feeling of his countrymen, when "neutral Powers" began at last to take up the question and suggest that purposeless slaughter must not continue for ever:—

Card. Beaufort. Know, my Lords, the States of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French.

York. Is all our travail turned to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

But they were forced to conclude it nevertheless. Step by step, without any great achievements in battle, the French won all France back again, and the invaders beheld their acquisitions rather slip away from them than be actually torn from their grasp. The process was nearly similar on each of these occasions, and on each the work of conquest and of recovery together occupied nearly a generation.

Nor does the importance of the lesson end here. Another very common assertion respecting the qualities of the French is, that they can do nothing except under the guidance and control of a great military leader and strong political chief. Throughout their two medieval wars of independence the French possessed neither. In the first they had one good General—Duguesclin; in the second, a few brave Captains—such as Dunois—and one inspired heroine. But no character arose such as the occasion seemed to call for. Their hereditary Sovereigns were of no account. Charles V., indeed, was a man of shrewd sense who was able to discern the merits of the Fabian policy and to practise it, but he had no commanding ability. Charles VII., the final saviour of France, was one of the weakest of men. And, finally, another notion which history should dispel is that this power of slow resistance inherent in France cannot be developed without something like political unanimity. Never was a country so torn by factions as France during the period of which we speak. In the wars of Edward III. she was convulsed by the insurrections of the Jacquerie—the Red Republicans of those days—against the people of property. In those of the Henrys she was divided by fierce dynastic factions. Amid and against all these disadvantages the slow but complete triumph of resistance was won. The townsman dreaded the fierce street mobs much more than he did the English; the peasant saw his little having destroyed over and over again by the Burgundians or Armagnacs, or Free Companies, until the comparative discipline of the invaders rendered their coming a relief; but these things did not alter in the slightest degree the inveterate determination of both peasant and citizen, come what might, to get rid of the "goddams."

No doubt it is an indulgence of fancy to compare wars waged with Krupp's guns and chassepots with those which our ancestors carried on with the help of mangonels and arbalests; nor is it at all probable that the German invasion of France will last thirty years, in whatever way it may terminate. But history reproduces itself in some particulars, if not in others, and it may be worth the while of vanquishers fresh from the great battle-fields of Alsace and Lorraine to reflect how it fared with those who had commenced their invasion by victories of no less account, and had failed, not because they had to encounter anywhere foes of equal power with themselves, but because of the endless wear and tear of operations carried on against an ill-governed, undisciplined, disunited but thoroughly obstinate and essentially courageous population.—*Pull Mall Gazette.*

THE BALLOON POST AND THE MADMAN.—A letter from Paris tells the following story:—"There is a celebrated madhouse here in which there has been confined for some three months past a man who lost his reason after a severe attack of fever. His health began to improve and his reason to return, until he was so far recovered last week that he asked Dr. Blanche for permission to write to his family. The doctor thought him sane and agreed, but he added, 'You had better write without delay, for there is a balloon going to-morrow, and if your letter is written at once it can go by that.' 'By the balloon!' said the convalescent madman, opening his eyes. 'You mean the railway.' 'No,' said the doctor, 'I mean by the balloon. I forget to tell you that Paris is besieged, and that all our letters go by balloon.' The invalid gave a shriek of despair, and, holding his head on his hands, cried, with agonised looks, 'I have been mad; I have had a fearful dream. I thought I was cured! I thought I was cured! I am mad! mad! mad! Oh, my God—mad!' 'No, my friend, be tranquil; you are not mad.' 'Then it's you; you have become mad. What is the matter? What has troubled you? Whence this insanity?' And surely no one can look upon Paris and see all the wonders of this troublous time, with its manifold transformations, in which we all seem to be standing on our heads, and the houses, and theatres, and palaces diverted to uses the very opposite of that to which they are accustomed, without sharing somewhat of the recovered madman's feeling, and admitting that he has perfectly described the condition of Paris as a lunatic's dream? If the madman was astonished at the manner in which it was proposed to carry his letters out of Paris, what would he have said to the method by which it is proposed to get answers back? It is, perhaps, well that the doctor did not mention this, or his patient might have gone clean mad again. We have tried all methods, and have failed; one remains—viz., to get a pigeon to carry back 30,000 answers. How is a pigeon, which will carry but the lightest feather-weight of a letter on its tail, to convey to us 30,000 replies? By means of photography, which has the power to reproduce an infinity of details in an infinitesimal space. A whole letter may be printed by the photographer in the space of a pin-point, and many thousands of letters might in this way be printed on a thin sheet of paper, which, on its arrival in Paris, would be submitted to the microscope and enlarged. Do not smile at this scheme; or, if you do, remember that it is which teize with sensitive eagerness on any and every scheme which may be suggested to bring them tidings of their best-beloved."

THE CAMPBELLS.

THE noble Scottish house of Campbell, of whom the Duke of Argyll—the M'Callum More in Gaelic phrase—is regarded as the acknowledged chief, and whose future head is the son-in-law elected of her Majesty, although it stands only third in the Scottish roll of precedence among dukes, is in one sense the first and foremost of Scottish titles, for no other house, either of Lowland or Highland origin, ever counted among its members so great and illustrious a catalogue of ennobled and otherwise distinguished individuals. In this respect the Campbells may claim superiority to the Scotts, the Hamiltons, the Murrays, the Grahams, and even to the Stuarts. In our own day they hold, or have held, the Dukedom of Argyll, the Scottish Earldom and English Marquisate of Breadalbane, the English Earldom of Cawdor, the Barony of Stratheden, and the Barony of Campbell; and the Barony of Clyde, of Indian celebrity, was conferred on one who, if he had not a Campbell for his father, at least on his mother's side belonged to the clan. A Campbell within the last ten years has held the Lord Chancellorship of England, a few years before having been Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and the son of a Scottish minister not overburdened with this world's wealth could boast before he died that, having come to London a poor man, he had won his way by his own energy and exertions to two peerages and two woolsocks. At the present moment, too, the Campbells enjoy no less than eleven baronetcies, English and Scotch, including those who have assumed the additional name in right of maternal descent; how many other baronetcies they may have held which have become extinct during the last century or two we have not the leisure or the means at this moment to discover. In the lists of the Orders of the Thistle and the Bath, and in the roll of "Knights Bachelors," both past and present, the name of Campbell figures very largely; and not many other names outshine it in the lists of British Generals and Admirals during the last century and a half. According to Sir Bernard Burke, it is now more than eight centuries since the first Campbell on record, called Campbell of Gillespie, acquired by marriage with the heiress of one of the Gaelic chieftains the lordship of Lochow or Loch Awe. A few descents from this "Laird" bring us down to Gillespie Campbell, who witnessed a charter granted by Alexander III., and whose son acquired the title of "M'Callum More," either from his conquests or from his tall stature. The son of his last-mentioned chief, Niel Campbell of Lochow, was rewarded for the aid which he gave to Bruce in crushing some of his stoutest opponents by the hand of Princess Mary, the sister of Robert Bruce, and by being established in the chieftaincy of Argyll in the place of the smaller district of Lochow. His son by Lady Mary, Sir Colin Campbell, retook for King David Bruce the Castle of Dunoon, and in reward of that service was appointed Heritable Keeper of the Fortress—an honorary distinction which still figures among the other titles of the Duke of Argyll. From that time down to the present, while other great Scottish houses have experienced their "vicissitudes," and have had their rise, their day of prosperity, and then their fall, the fortunes of the Campbells have gone on from less to greater, almost without a break. The great-grandson of the last-named chief, Sir Duncan Campbell, was named by James I. of Scotland a member of the Privy Council, and constituted Justice and Lord Lieutenant of the county of Argyll. In these offices he was continued by James II., who made him a Lord of Parliament, by the title of Lord Campbell, and, on his early death, advanced his grandson, the second Lord Campbell, to the Earldom of Argyll. From A.D. 1463 down to his death, in 1492, we find this nobleman holding a variety of offices at the Scottish Court and in the Royal Household, and sent as Ambassador on more than one occasion both to England and France, and ultimately made Lord Chancellor of Scotland. His son, Alexander, second Earl of Argyll, commanded the vanguard of the Scottish army at the battle of Flodden Field, where he fell side by side with the King. His son, Colin, third Earl, was one of the four counsellors of King James V., from whom he obtained a grant of the Lordship of Abernethy, then vested in the Crown by forfeiture, and afterwards a confirmation of the hereditary shrievalty of Argyllshire. He was also appointed to the high office of Lord Justice of Scotland, which remained for a century hereditary in his family. His son and successor, Archibald, the fourth Earl, was the leader of the Reforming movement north of the Tweed, and was the first person of consequence in Scotland who publicly embraced the Protestant religion. His two sons, who both succeeded to the earldom, were both of them Lord High Chancellors of Scotland. The son of the latter, Archibald, seventh Earl, a military officer of high reputation, had two sons, of whom the younger was created Lord Kintyre; but the title expired at his death. The eighth Earl, a man of great piety and worth, returned to the "old faith," as it was called, and, therefore, was allowed or obliged to make over his estates to his son, who, in 1638, was summoned to London to give advice to the King when the National Covenant was framed and sworn to by nearly the entire population of Scotland; and he alone appears to have had the courage to speak freely and honestly in the presence of Royalty, and to recommend an abolition of the innovations in a prelatic and (as it was thought) a Romeward direction, which Charles had tried to enforce upon the Scottish Church. On his father's death he became devoted to the Protestant cause even more strongly; and, returning from London to Glasgow, he openly espoused the cause of the Reformed Church against the Court. He took a leading part in the meeting of the General Assembly, in which Episcopacy was abolished and Presbyterianism established, and the tyranny of the first two Stuarts who sat on the English throne was abolished. To repress the invasion of the Macdonalds and the Earl of Antrim in aid of the invasion of Scotland by the Royalist party, he raised a force of nearly a thousand men in Kintyre and Lorne. He was subsequently created Marquis of Argyll, and became General of the Army of the Estates. He played a conspicuous, but somewhat doubtful, part in the troubled period of the rebellion, at one time opposing the Royalists, and at another placing the Scottish crown on the head of Charles II. at Scone, and then again submitting to the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, and sitting in the Parliament of the Protector Richard. He was attainted and beheaded for this temporising conduct at the Restoration, and for a time it appeared as if the fortunes of the house of Campbell were destined to undergo an eclipse; but in 1663 his son contrived to obtain a reversal of the attainder, and was restored to the earldom (though not to the marquisate), and shared largely in the profits and preferments which followed on the King's restoration; but he, too, like his father, played a double part, by taking the Test of 1681 with a mental reservation. He was, however, innocent of the charge of high treason, of which his opponents contrived to obtain his conviction, and through which eventually he was brought to the block. His son and successor, Archibald, tenth Earl—so fortunately acknowledged by Parliament before the reversal of his father's attainder—was one of the Commissioners deputed by the Estates to offer the crown of Scotland to the Prince of Orange, and to tender to him the Coronation oath. He was appointed Colonel of the Scots Horse Guards, and afterwards raised for the King a regiment of his own clan, at the head of which he distinguished himself in Flanders. It was he who, in 1701, was raised to the dukedom. The second Duke of Argyll was created an English peer, as Lord Chatham and Duke of Greenwich, in reward of his services in furthering the union with England; his brother Archibald being also created on the same account Viscount and Earl of Islay. He served under Marlborough in Flanders, and was at one time Generalissimo of the forces in Spain; and on the accession of the House of Hanover he was appointed General-in-Chief of the Royal forces in Scotland, in which capacity he took an active and zealous part in suppressing the Stuart rising under the Pretender in 1715. His brother, the Earl of Islay, who was Justiciar-General of Scotland, became at his death third Duke of Argyll. "By these two brothers," it has been remarked by historians, "the views of a certain party in Scotland at the time of the Union to perpetuate their authority over their fellow-

countrymen were actually realised, the whole kingdom having become subject to them through the servility of the few members which Scotland then returned to Parliament; and, indeed, the latter had the whole affairs and management of Scotland so entirely at his disposal that he was known among contemporary circles as 'the King of Scotland.' He died in 1761, when his own immediate honours, like the English honours of his brother, became extinct, the dukedom and the Scottish honours reverting to his cousin, John Campbell, fourth Duke, whose son John, the fifth Duke, married one of the three beautiful Misses Gunning, and was eventually created an English peer, as Lord Sundridge, of Combe Bank, in the county of Kent, his wife also being raised to the Peerage as Baroness of Kent in her own right. The Duke, who died in 1806, was grandfather of the present "McCallum More," George Douglas Campbell, eighth Duke, whose eldest son is about to contract his family with Royalty by marriage. The full list of the Duke's Scottish and English titles and honours is thus given in Lodge's "Peerage":—Duke and Earl of Argyll, Marquis of Lorne and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount of Lorne and Glenilla, Baron Campbell and Baron of Lorne, Inverary, Mull, Morven, and Tilly, in the Peerage of Scotland; also Baron Sundridge and Hamilton in that of Great Britain; K.T., P.C., Lord Lieutenant of the county of Argyll, Hereditary Master of the Queen's Household in Scotland, Keeper of Dunstaffnage and Carrick Castles; Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, a trustee of the British Museum, and Secretary of State for India.

THE TIEN-TSIN MASSACRE.

TUNG-KWO-FAN's memorandum of his investigation into the Tien-Tsin massacre is worth reading in extenso. We copy the following translation of it from a Shanghai journal:—

Having been ordered by Imperial decree to repair to Tien-Tsin and take thoroughly into the events of June 21, I have, up to the present time, arrived at the following conclusions regarding these sad occurrences.

The first cause of the disturbances lay in the circumstance that missionaries were accused of being implicated in the kidnappings perpetrated by bandits. To this must be added the various rumours about executing and torturing out; it being pretended that a certain medicine was prepared from these ingredients. And these rumours did not only spread from one to the other among the simple and silly people, but even among the literati and literati there were many who brought forward the same accusations with one voice. From these accumulated suspicions, openly expressed dissatisfaction arose, and amid the consequent excitement the great trouble happened.

It is therefore necessary, in the first place, to discriminate between truth and fabrication, in order to separate right from wrong and innocence from guilt, so that we may clearly show that a just settlement of the matter is our only aim. And we must specially keep in mind that wild rumours of this kind have been circulated not in Tien-Tsin alone, but that formerly in Hu-Nan also, and Kiang-Si, in Yang-Chow and Tien-Men, and even in the province of Chih-Li, in the districts of Taining-Fu and Kwang-Ping, anonymous and inflammatory placards were posted about, in which it was printed and either that the missionaries stole children, or that they dug out the eyes and tore out the hearts of men, or that women and girls were seduced and polluted by them.

And, although the disturbances excited by these accusations at the above-mentioned places have been severally settled, still it has never been thoroughly investigated and clearly shown how far the imputations contained in these anonymous placards were well founded or not; and therefore it has been my principal care, since my arrival at Tien-Tsin, to elucidate these points singly by careful examination and inquiry.

First, as to kidnapping being practised by Chinese Christians. It is true that Wong San made a confession of this kind; but even he denies on the one day what he had confessed on the day before, and his statements are not in accordance with those of his comrades. And certainly no proof has been obtainable of the complicity of the foreign missionaries themselves in these abductions of children. Further, I have repeatedly examined all the boys and girls, 150 in number, taken away from the Sisters of Mercy, and they unanimously maintain that they had been instructed there only in religious matters, that they had been brought to that establishment spontaneously by their parents to be educated there, and that they had by no means been dragged there forcibly by kidnappers.

Second, with regard to the tearing out of eyes and hearts. This is a mere invention, without the slightest foundation in reality. It would appear that during the fourth and fifth moons of this year (May and June) cases occurred of two or three children who had died in the hospital being put into one coffin, which aroused the suspicions of the people. And the gates of the mission premises being closed the whole year excited suspicion by its mysteriousness; and because the people could not explain to themselves what was going on inside, a sense of fearful curiosity took possession of them. In this way evil reports spread to all the four quarters of the earth, and ten thousand cries of uniform accusation went forth against the missionaries. But it would be vain to seek for any foundation of facts on which these spectre accusations have been based; it would be like trying to catch with the hands the passing breeze or to seize a shadow.

When, some days ago, I arrived at Tien-Tsin the people crowded around and stopped my chair, and numberless petitions were presented to me. But when I had made the most careful inquiry to find out what the truth was as to the tearing out of eyes and hearts, there was not one who could adduce a single proof that such things had happened at all. And when I inquired within and without the city I found that very few children had been stolen at all, and these cases had almost all been duly investigated by the Courts. But from what source all these false rumours originated, I have not been able to ascertain. I have the intention now, together with H. E. Chung How, to draw up a memorial to the Throne, in which we shall give a general outline of the state of affairs, so as to bring to an end all these various discussions.

Indeed, to murder children and to mutilate their dead bodies in order to prepare medicine from them, is a deed so horrible that even uncivilised wild tribes would be loth to do it. England and France are large countries, and the seas. How could we suppose them capable of such inhuman crimes? Reason forbids us to think of any such thing even as possible.

It may not be denied that among the Chinese converts there may be bad men who kidnap children and do other bad things, covering themselves with the name of missionaries as with a tall-man; but this can only impose on us the duty to punish those converts who are found guilty of lawlessness; and must not lead us to lay these things to the charge of the missionary establishments generally.

It is the aim of the Catholic religion to teach men to be virtuous, and the Emperor Kang-Hi long ago gave permission to spread this doctrine in his dominions. And the hospitals of the Sisters of Mercy may be fairly compared with our own founding hospitals, &c. The desire of the Sisters is to found asylums for the miserable and poor. Charity and mercy are their devices; if, therefore, they are accused of abominable deeds, foreigners will be justly prompted to resentment and wrath.

It is my wish, therefore, that the Emperor should promulgate an edict in all the provinces of the Empire, openly declaring that the misdeeds laid to the charge of the missionaries in these anonymous placards are nothing but calumnies; so that the wrong done to foreigners by these slanders may be expiated, and the doubts of the Chinese people and literati may be dissolved, and that every man in the Empire may learn and know the true state of things. In this way it is hoped that the distrust existing at present between Chinese and foreigners may be terminated, and that the hatred and ill-will between our people and Christians may gradually disappear.

DEATH OF LORD ONSLOW.—The Earl of Onslow, the oldest member of the House of Lords, expired on Monday, at his residence, Gloucester Villa, Richmond, within a day of completing the ninety-third year of his age. He was born Oct. 25, 1777, within sixteen months of the declaration of American Independence, and twelve years before the outbreak of the first French Revolution. The vast range of events which have been crowded into the life of the venerable Earl may be estimated from the mention of the simple fact that at the date of his birth the great Duke of Wellington and the First Napoleon were respectively eight and ten years of age. The latter has now been dead within seven months of half a century. Lord Onslow is succeeded by his great-nephew, a lad sixteen years of age.

THE FRENCH PRISONERS IN GERMANY.—Those of the French prisoners in Germany who belong to Alsace and German Lorraine are to be separated from the rest, formed into companies, and employed in agricultural occupations, where they are to be treated with all possible consideration. This is another indication of the determination of Prussia to insist on the cession of these provinces. Some of the prisoners are beginning to be troublesome to their keepers. Five hundred Turcos and Zouaves have been removed from the Wahn Heath, near Cologne, to the citadel at Wesel, on account of insubordination. It being suspected that they possessed many weapons, a search was instituted, and sixty-four revolvers and 1000 daggers were discovered. On the search being begun with the left wing, the Turcos on the right wing hastily buried their weapons at the bottom of their tents. At present there are among the prisoners boys of ten to fifteen years of age, who were captured with their fathers. At Ingolstadt twenty officers who were liberated at Sedan on parole have lately given themselves up, having left France in order to avoid importunities to break their engagement and enter the army. It is understood that many other officers preferred captivity from the first, through fear of being thus pressed to disregard their word of honour.

MR. DISRAELI AS A NOVELIST.

MR. DISRAELI has written a "General Preface" to the collected edition of his works, in the course of which he says:—

"A distinguished individual has suggested that, in a preface to this edition of my collected works, I might give my own views of the purport of 'Lothair.' It strikes me, with all deference, that it would be not a little presumptuous for an author thus to be the self-critic of volumes which appeared only a few months ago. Their purport to the writer seems clear enough, and as they have been more extensively read both by the people of the United Kingdom and the United States than any work that has appeared for the last half-century, I will even venture to assume that on this point they are of the same opinion as myself.

"But, on some other works, the youngest of which were written a quarter of a century ago, it would, perhaps, be in me not impertinent now to make a few remarks. 'Coningsby,' 'Sybil,' and 'Tancred' form a real trilogy—that is to say, they treat of the same subject, and endeavour to complete that treatment. The origin and character of our political parties, their influence on the condition of the people of this country, some picture of the moral and physical condition of that people, and some intimation of the means by which it might be elevated and improved, were themes which had long engaged my meditation.

"Born in a library, and trained from early childhood by learned men who did not share the passions and the prejudices of our political and social life, I had imbibed on some subjects conclusions different from those which generally prevail, and especially with reference to the history of our own country. How an oligarchy had been substituted for a kingdom, and a narrow-minded and bigoted fanaticism flourished in the name of religious liberty, were problems long to me insoluble, but which early interested me. But what most attracted my musing, even as a boy, were the elements of our political parties, and the strange mystification by which that which was national in its constitution had become odious, and that which was exclusive was presented as popular.

"What has mainly led to this confusion of public thought and this unreasoning society is our habitual carelessness in not distinguishing between the excellence of a principle and its injurious or obsolete application. The feudal system may have worn out, but its main principle, that the tenure of property should be the fulfilment of duty, is the essence of good Government. The Divine right of kings may have been a plea for feeble tyrants, but the Divine right of Government is the keystone of human progress, and without it Governments sink into police and a nation is degraded into a mob.

"National institutions were the ramparts of the multitude against large estates exercising political power derived from a limited class. The Church was in theory, and once it had been in practice, the spiritual and intellectual trainer of the people. The privileges of the multitude and the prerogatives of the Sovereign had grown up together, and together they had waned. Under the plea of Liberalism, all the institutions which were the bulwarks of the multitude had been sapped and weakened, and nothing had been substituted for them. The people were without education, and, relatively to the advance of science and the comfort of the superior classes, their condition had deteriorated, and their physical quality as a race was threatened. Those who in theory were the national party, and who sheltered themselves under the institutions of the country against the oligarchy, had, both by a misconception and a neglect of their duties, become—and justly become—odious; while the oligarchy, who had mainly founded themselves on the plunder of the popular estate, either in the shape of the possessions of the Church or the domains of the Crown, had, by the patronage of certain general principles which they only meagrely applied, assumed, and to a certain degree acquired, the character of a popular party. But no party was national; one was exclusive and odious, and the other liberal and cosmopolitan.

"The perverse deviations of political parties from their original significance may at first sight seem only subjects of historical curiosity, but they assume a different character when they practically result in the degradation of a people.

"To change back the oligarchy into a generous aristocracy round a real throne; to infuse life and vigour into the Church as the trainer of the nation, by the revival of Convocation, then dumb, on a wide basis, and not, as has been since done, in the shape of a priestly section; to establish a commercial code on the principles successfully negotiated by Lord Bolingbroke at Utrecht, and which, though bad at the time by a Whig Parliament, were subsequently and triumphantly vindicated by his political pupil and heir, Mr. Pitt; to govern Ireland according to the policy of Charles I. and not of Oliver Cromwell; to emancipate the political constituency of 1832 from its sectarian bondage and contracted sympathies; to elevate the physical as well as the moral condition of the people, by establishing that labour required regulation as much as property; and all this rather by the use of ancient forms and the restoration of the past than by political revolutions founded on abstract ideas, appeared to be the course which the circumstances of this country required, and which, practically speaking, could only, with all their faults and backslidings, be undertaken and accomplished by a reconstructed Tory party.

"When I attempted to enter public life I expressed these views, long meditated, to my countrymen, but they met with little encouragement. He who steps out of the crowd is listened to with suspicion or with heedlessness; and forty years ago there prevailed a singular ignorance of the political history of our country. I had no connection either in the press or in public life. I incurred the accustomed penalty of being looked on as a visionary, and what I knew to be facts were treated as paradoxes.

"Ten years afterwards affairs had changed. I had been some time in Parliament, and had friends who had entered public life with myself, and who listened always with interest and sometimes with sympathy to views which I had never ceased to enforce. Living much together, without combination we acted together. Some of those who were then my companions have, like myself, since taken some part in the conduct of public affairs; two of them, and those who were not the least interested in our speculations, have departed. One was George Smythe, afterwards seventh Lord Strangford, a man of brilliant gifts, of dazzling wit, infinite culture, and fascinating manners. His influence over youth was remarkable, and he could promulgate a new faith with graceful enthusiasm. Henry Hope, the eldest son of the author of 'Anastasis,' was of a different nature, but he was learned and accomplished, possessed a penetrating judgment and an inflexible will. Master of a vast fortune, his house naturally became our frequent rendezvous; and it was at the Deepdene that he first urged the expediency of my treating in a literary form those views and subjects which were the matter of our frequent conversation.

"This was the origin of 'Coningsby,' or, the New Generation,' which I commenced under his roof, and which I inscribed to his name.

"The derivation and character of political parties, the condition of the people which had been the consequence of them, the duties of the Church as a main remedial agency in our present state were the three principal topics which I intended to treat, but I found they were too vast for the space I had allotted to myself.

"These were all launched in 'Coningsby,' but the origin and condition of political parties, the first portion of the theme, was the only one completely handled in that work.

"Next year (1845), in 'Sybil,' or the Two Nations,' I considered the condition of the people, and the whole work, generally speaking, was devoted to that portion of my scheme. At that time the Chartist agitation was still fresh in the public memory, and its repetition was far from improbable. I had mentioned to my friend, the late Thomas Duncombe, and who was my friend before I entered the House of Commons, something of what I was contemplating; and he offered and obtained for my perusal the whole

of the correspondence of Feargus O'Connor when conductor of the *Northern Star*, with the leaders and chief actors of the Chartist movement. I had visited and observed with care all the localities introduced; and, as an accurate and never-exaggerated picture of a remarkable period in our domestic history, and of a popular organisation which in its extent and completeness has, perhaps, never been equalled, the pages of 'Sybil' may, I venture to believe, be consulted with confidence.

"In recognising the Church as a powerful agent in the previous development of England, and possibly the most efficient means of that renovation of the national spirit which was desired, it seemed to me that the time had arrived when it became my duty to ascend to the origin of that great ecclesiastical corporation, and consider the position of the descendants of that race who had been the founders of Christianity. Some of the great truths of ethnology were necessarily involved in such discussions. Familiar as we all are now with such themes, the House of Israel being now freed from the barbarism of Mediaeval misconception; and judged, like all other races, by their contributions to the existing sum of human welfare, and the general influence of race on human action being universally recognised as the key of history, the difficulty and hazard of touching for the first time on such topics cannot now be easily appreciated. But public opinion recognised both the truth and sincerity of these views, and, with its sanction, in 'Tancred,' or 'The New Crusade,' the third portion of the trilogy, I completed their development.

"I had been in Parliament seven years when this trilogy was published, and during that period I had not written anything; but in 1837, the year I entered the House of Commons, I had published two works, 'Henrietta Temple' and 'Venetia.' These are not political works, but they would commemorate feelings more enduring than public passions, and they were written with care and some delight. They were inscribed to two friends, the best I ever had, and not the least gifted. One was the inimitable D'Orsay, the most accomplished and the most engaging character that has figured in this century, who, with the form and universal genius of an Alcibiades, combined a brilliant wit and a heart of quick affection, and who, placed in a public position, would have displayed a courage, a judgment, and a commanding intelligence which would have ranked him with the leaders of mankind. The other was one who had enjoyed that public opportunity which had been denied to Comte d'Orsay. The world has recognised the political courage, the versatile ability, and the masculine eloquence of Lord Lyndhurst; but his intimates only were acquainted with the tenderness of his disposition, the sweetness of his temper, his ripe scholarship, and the playfulness of his bright and airy spirit.

"And here I cannot refrain from mentioning that in 1837 I accompanied Lord Lyndhurst to Kensington Palace, when, on the accession of the Queen, the peers and privy councillors and chief personages of the realm pledged their fealty to their new Sovereign. He was greatly affected by the unusual scene: a youthful maiden receiving the homage of her subjects, most of them illustrious, in a palace in a garden, and all with a sweet and natural dignity. He gave me, as we drove home, an animated picture of what had occurred in the Presence Chamber, marked by all that penetrating observation and happy terseness of description which distinguished him. Eight years afterwards, with my memory still under the influence of his effective narrative, I reproduced the scene in 'Sybil,' and I feel sure it may be referred to for its historical accuracy.

"There was yet a barren interval of five years of my life, so far as literature was concerned, between the publication of 'Henrietta Temple' and 'Venetia,' and my earlier works. In 1832 I had published 'Contarini Fleming' and 'Alroy.' I had then returned from two years of travel in the Mediterranean regions, and I published 'Contarini Fleming' anonymously, and in the midst of a revolution. It was almost stillborn, and, having written it with deep thought and feeling, I was naturally discouraged from further effort. Yet the youthful writer whom, like me, he inclined to despair, may learn also from my example not to be precipitate in his resolves. Gradually 'Contarini Fleming' found sympathising readers; Goethe and Beckford were impelled to communicate their unsolicited opinions of this work to its anonymous author, and I have seen a criticism of it by Heine, of which any writer might be justly proud. Yet all this does not prevent me from being conscious that it would have been better if a subject so essentially psychological had been treated at a more mature period of life.

"I had commenced 'Alroy' the year after my first publication, and had thrown the manuscript aside. Being at Jerusalem in the year 1831, and visiting the traditional tombs of the kings, my thoughts recurred to the marvellous career which had attracted my boyhood, and I shortly afterwards finished a work which I began the year after I wrote 'Vivian Grey.'

"What my opinion was of that my first work, written in 1826, was shown by my publishing my second anonymously. Books written by boys which pretend to give a picture of manners and to deal in knowledge of human nature must be affected. They can be, at the best, but the results of imagination acting on knowledge not acquired by experience. Of such circumstances exaggeration is a necessary consequence, and false state accompanies exaggeration. Nor is it necessary to remark that a total want of art must be observed in such pages; for that is a failing incident to all first efforts. 'Vivian Grey' is essentially a puerile work; but it has baffled even the efforts of its creator to suppress it. Its fate has been strange; and not the least remarkable thing is, that forty-four years after its first publication I must ask the indulgence of the reader for its continued and inevitable re-appearance."

ASSES' FLESH has appeared as an article of diet in the Paris markets, and is selling at eighty centimes per kilogramme. Fresh-water fish and vegetables are abundant, but prices are rising daily. At M. Jules Favre's the other day there were three cutlets for seven pence. Nobody would touch them, and they remained for the servants, while everybody made an onslaught on a ham, which disappeared.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER ON CHURCH POLICY AND PROSPECTS.—The Bishop of Gloucester commenced his visitation, on Monday, in Gloucester Cathedral, and discussed the question whether the Church of England is to become more and more national, or to be reduced to the condition of a Church of a diminishing minority. He urged that the Convocation of both provinces should unite in adapting the Prayer-Book to shorter services, and in making arrangements for a separation of the services. He was in favour of a reconsideration of the disabling enactments affecting Nonconformists, and suggested that a special form of ordination should be drawn up to meet the case of Dissenting ministers who wished to join the Church. Referring to the Education Act, he remarked that it was in various places disfigured by sectarian jealousies, but he recommended that a fair trial should be given to it, and, wherever it was possible, even conscientious support and co-operation.

CARLYLE ON THE WAR.—The *Weimar Gazette* publishes a few extracts from a letter written by Mr. Thomas Carlyle, with reference to the war, in which he says:—"Your anxieties about the war must have been of short duration; in fact, they must after the first few days' practical experience have been changed into bright hope, into a hope increasing in rapid geometrical progression till it obtained its present dimensions. So far as my reading goes there never was such a war, never such a collapse of shameless human vanity, of menacing, long continued arrogance, into contemptible nothingness. Blow has followed blow as if from the hammer of Thor, till it lies like a shapeless heap of ruins, whining to itself, 'In the name of all the gods and all the devils what is to become of us?' . . . All Germany may now look forward to happier days in a political sense than it has seen since the Emperor Barbarossa left it. My individual satisfaction in all this is great; and all England, I can say all the intelligent in England, heartily wish good fortune to brave old Germany in what it has accomplished—a real transformation into one nation, no longer the chaotic jumble which invited the intrusion of every ill-disposed neighbour, especially of that ill-disposed France which has inflicted on it such interminable mischief during the last 400 years—was heaped upon wars without real cause except insatiable French ambition. All that, through God's grace, is now at an end. I have, in my time, seen nothing in Europe which has so much delighted me. 'A brave people,' as your Goethe calls them, and, as I believe, a peaceful and a virtuous one. I only hope that Heaven will send them the wisdom, patience, and pious discretion to turn to a right use all that has been achieved."

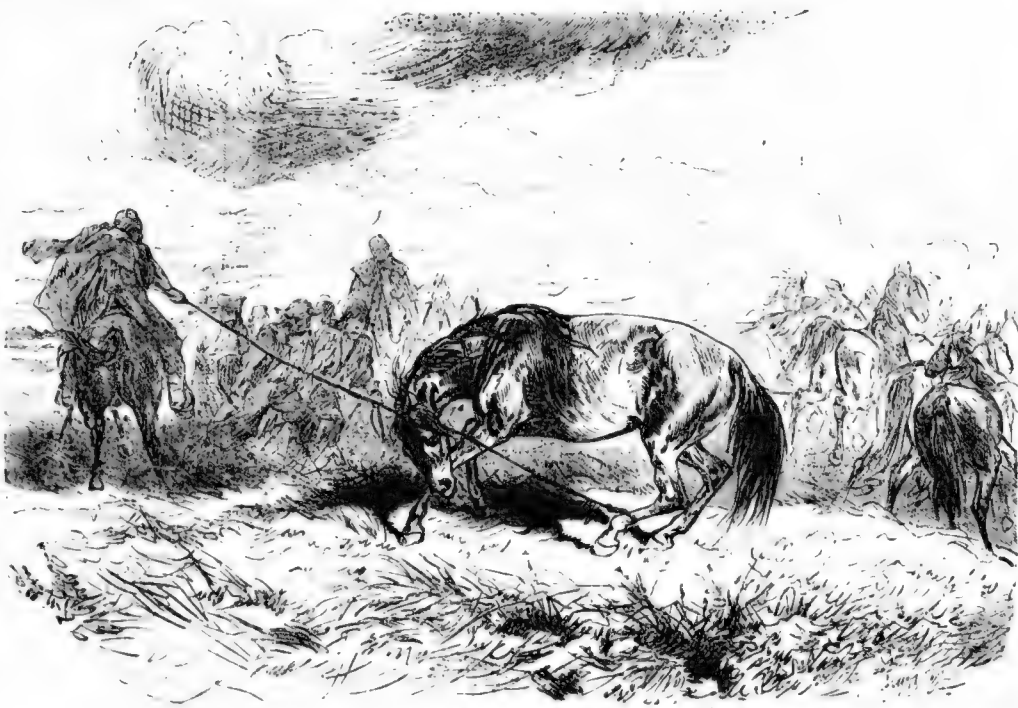
AN EQUINE CAREER.

OUT in the broad, endless plains of Transylvania, where league after league spreads out till the blank perspective is lost in the horizon, or is intercepted by the dark shadow of a forest, the abode of innumerable herds of swine and a few solitary men clad in dirty sheepskins, and with harsh, uncouth dialects; on the wide steppes, where the rugged nomads of the desert, with a mingled look of the Far North and the mysterious East, live in tents and huts, and make their food of sour grain and their cheese of curdled mare's milk; on the burning wastes of the Great Desert, where, wrapped in his robe of camel's hair, the Arab sits impassive, and lulls his fiery recollections in the waking dream that he calls *kief*;—on each of these places the horse is the representative property, the symbol of power, the possession that distinguishes the master from the serf, and in war or peace symbolises the chieftainship. Less, perhaps, in the first of the places named than in the other two, for it is there more than in any other country, except the vast pampas of America, that the horses may be said to run wild; not that they are really wild, any more than are the gaunt mustangs that roam about Mexican plains till they are needed, and are then caught by the lasso and brought into the corral, where they are rebroken for the rough-riding of the first Caballero who cares to mount one. They form great herds, but not without ownership; and perhaps the wildest of them all are the descendants of those old troop horses which were turned loose after the Thirty Years' War, to roam in the waste lands and woods of Southern Germany and Hungary. There are others of a half Oriental fineness of strain, perhaps descendants of sires and dams that came with the old conquerors along the shores of the Danube, and these are valuable, untamed as they are. It is a wild sight to see a troop of these grand, beautiful creatures flying with the wind. A herd of brood mares, with tossing heads and tumbling manes, streaming tails—the dull thunder of their hoofs has something terrible in it, the silence otherwise is so intense; but there is an exulting freedom in their movements that gives a sense of exhilaration; their wild play, sprill neighings, and occasional conflicts are, as it were, a skittish protest against civilisation. But the time comes when one untamed creature at least is singled



A HORSE LAUGH.

out and captured by the unerring lasso of the Magyar rider, when, halting unwillingly in the useless effort to get free from the sudden fetter, she is surrounded, bridled, muzzled, and taken to the outlying farm, where a stable is prepared for her, and her education commences with the softening influences of maternity and the companionship of the more sober denizens of the yard and paddock. There, in the company of noisy fowls and reflective, contented porkers, she and her leggy offspring pass a quiet time, till they are parted and she is once more bridled and set to work. Even then traces of her old wild temper show themselves now and then—indeed, they are so pronounced that the very groom to whose care she is confided grows like her, as grooms frequently catch an equine cast of countenance, and when she turns back her lips and neighs wrathfully, he, too, will break into a horse-laugh and wink knowingly, as who should say, "She chooses her company and will have none but good-looking fellows about her." Wise is he if he has made the discovery that she will never brook a torturing bit nor be broken by the cruelty of spur and spike. The most vicious horse, untamable by any jaw-breaking or tongue-pressing engine of torture yet invented, has been known to go sweetly with a plain light snaffle, and no good horse should need the spur. It is not her career, however, that is now of so much importance as that of the leggy beauty who inherits his mother's best qualities. For him careful grooming, well-appointed stables, a daily toilet like that of some beau of the first water, and frequent instruction in the riding-school is necessary to complete his education. So he becomes civilised, unless, alas! that very civilisation which has made him of so much value—taking its baser form in men, and so inducing them to cunning, malice, and the greed of gain—should bring him within the betting-ring and the operations of jockeys and trainers of the racecourse. Let these scoundrelly representatives of modern "sport" once conceive a grudge against him, because of his having "pulled off" something, and brought them to grief; or let them see how they may profit by his being "scratched," and then it will be well to watch the stable day and



TAKEN CAPTIVE.

night, or they may find means to rouse the wild blood in his veins, and leave him the character of a vicious horse that has maimed himself by "lashing out" by some mysterious impulse never observed to seize him till he was booked to win.

WHAT GERMANY SEEKS FROM FRANCE.

MACMILLAN and Co. have just published an English translation of a pamphlet by Heinrich von Treitschke, Professor of History in the University of Heidelberg, entitled "What We Demand from France," the contents of which are thus summarised by the *Times*:

Public opinion in Germany is influenced to a degree that Englishmen cannot readily comprehend by what may be called the academic element. A nation of scholars, who nevertheless have shown lately a surprising aptitude for mastering the practical, the Germans have always been guided in forming their judgments by the thinkers and the students who find congenial homes and spheres of work in the numerous and ably-administered universities of their land. In the present controversy respecting terms of peace with France the Professors have naturally claimed the right to be heard, and have contributed largely to give order and reason to the German sentiment, at first somewhat crude and unintelligible, which insisted with increasing urgency on the cession of Alsace and Lorraine by France. With the military arguments which weigh most in Count von Moltke's judgment, and are most prominent in Count Bismarck's diplomatic reasonings, the Professors are not very well fitted to deal; but upon the historical and ethnological arguments, which are most favourably considered by the people, they can dilate, if not convincingly, at least in a spirited and interesting fashion. Several well-known Professors, including Herr von Sybel and Herr Wagner, have already written upon the terms of peace; but the ablest and most complete analysis of the German claims has been given in a pamphlet, of which an English translation has been just published, by Herr von Treitschke.

It is worth while to glance at the arguments he puts forward and the sentiments to which, addressing his countrymen, he appeals. We do not attempt here to pass judgment upon their intrinsic merits.

At the outset Professor von Treitschke plainly states the issue

realising itself. The escape of Germany from this peril was due partly to the surprisingly rapid advances made by Prussia in the last twenty years and the energetic policy of her statesmen for the last six, but in part, also, to the loyalty of the reigning houses in Bavaria and Baden to the German cause. In 1815 the lenity with which France was treated, the conflicting and tortuous policies of Austria, Russia, and even England, defeated, according to Professor von Treitschke, the just demand of the German statesmen. Ever since, as before, Germany has been exposed to the constant menace of open frontiers dominated by foreign forts. The sentence in which Professor von Treitschke sums up this danger is remarkable, because it suggests that when accounts with France have been squared, Germany may look to a rectification on another frontier. He says:—"It was a bitter cynicism to fix such bound-



CIVILISATION.

daries for Germany after our victorious arms had twice over given peace to the world; in the east the triangle of strong fortresses between [the] Vistula and [the] Narew cleaves like a dividing wedge between Prussia and Silesia; in the west, Strasbourg is in the hands of the French—the beautiful 'pass into the empire,' as Henry II. of France enviously called it 300 years ago."

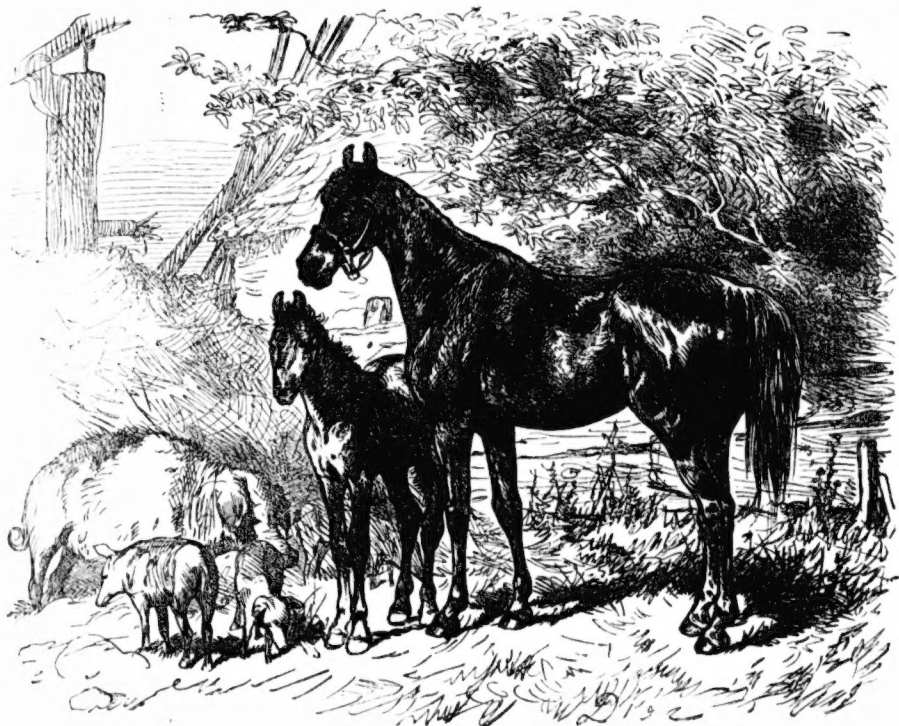
When Russia hears the arguments for the retention of Strasbourg, she will, perhaps, fear the application of the Professor's argument to the fortresses between the Vistula and the

Narew—that is, the military frontier of the Czar's dominions on the south-west.

Herr von Treitschke starts with the assumption, for he does not attempt to prove it, that "the sense of justice to Germany demands the lessening of France." He adds, supporting his statement by the considerations on which we have just touched, that "what is demanded by justice is at the same time absolutely necessary for our security." The German victories, it is maintained, will never be forgiven by France, and all the energies of the fallen nation will be directed as she rises once more to revenge her stupendous defeats. Germany wishes for peace, she needs peace—peace for a generation—"to solve the difficult but not impossible problem of the unification of Germany;" she is under an obligation to the world, after this awful struggle, to secure a permanent peace; and she can only give the required guarantee "when German guns frown from the fortified passes of the Vosges on the territories of the Welsh (Wälsch) race, when our armies can sweep into the plains of Champagne in a few days' march;" when, in short, it is the flank of France and not of Germany that lies open to a sudden and crushing blow. Such are the duties, according to Herr von Treitschke, that justifies Germany in annexing Alsace and Lorraine, even against the will of the inhabitants. "These territories are ours," he adds,



WILD PLAY.



NATURE.



EDUCATION.

"by the right of the sword, and we shall dispose of them in virtue of a higher right—the right of the German nation, which will not permit its lost children to remain strangers to the German Empire."

The argument conducts Professor von Treitschke to his ethnological, geographical, and historical proofs. "The German territory that we demand," he says, "is ours by nature and by history." The line of the Vosges marks off the mass of the people of pure German stock from the "Welshmen;" and though some portion of French-speaking inhabitants may remain on the east of that rugged range, the departments of Haut-Rhin and Bas-Rhin are as German in character and in habits as the Badenians or the peasants of the Bavarian Palatinate. In Lorraine, the boundary line, which may be roughly traced from the ridge of the Vosges to the sources of the Saar, is not so clearly cut nor does it so sharply separate languages and races. In claiming a large part of Lorraine for Germany, about half the departments of La Moselle and La Meurthe, Professor von Treitschke admits that the annexation will include some French-speaking towns and districts. The frontier line must be secured, he contends, on the north of Metz, which he confesses to be a thoroughly Gallicised city, and on the extreme south by the French town of Belfort, which dominates the great pass into the heart of France, between the Vosges and the Jura. All the rest of Lorraine, beyond the mountains, he would leave to France. He acknowledges the French characteristics of the country, and reprobates the extravagances of those Dryasdusts who would revise the boundaries of the old Empire—who would restore the ancient German names of the West Lorraine and

Burgundian towns: writing Nanzig for Nancy, Reimersberg for Remiremont, Plumbersbad for Plombières, and Muselbruck for Pont-à-Mousson. Within the line he traces as demanded for the military security of the German frontier he contends that the population is essentially German in language, in domestic habits, in character, and in traditions. The wrench that tore away Elsass from the Fatherland did not actually occur until the Revolution broke the feudal yoke for the peasantry, bound them by ties of gratitude and interest to the cause of the Republic, gave them freedom from the detestable social tyrannies under which they saw their German brethren across the Rhine still suffering hopelessly, and bestowed upon them security in the enjoyment of their morsels of land. Then they saw the feudal Princes of Germany sweeping down on their frontiers to undo all these achievements of the Revolution, and the danger completed the work of their political attachment to France.

Herr von Treitschke acknowledges the power of these influences, but he bases upon the ineradicable German characteristics of the Alsacians, upon the large leaven of Protestantism among them and their susceptibility for receiving a German cultivation, a confident hope that they may be weaned, after all, from their French ties, won back to the Empire, from which they were treacherously stolen in time of peace, and restored to their nationality. He allows that the work will be long and toilsome, the military and political difficulties it embraces so great that no power in Germany less disciplined in its energies and formidable in its strength could undertake it with any hope of success. Baden would not be disposed to imperil its freedom by acquiring a country filled with discontented subjects and ruled

by a bitter Ultramontane priesthood; and Herr von Treitschke more than insinuates that Bavaria could not be trusted with the important work. The notion of neutralising the conquered provinces Herr von Treitschke dismisses with merited contempt. There remains only Prussia to guard the frontier, to rule the Alsacians for a time with a strong hand, giving them local self-government but preventing political agitation, and finally to lead back the recovered Germans into that great and united empire which is soon to rise on the ruins of "Particularism."

A NEAPOLITAN BRIGAND.

THE Neapolitan papers are just now full of details and interesting particulars about the capture of the notorious brigand Pilone, once the terror of the country surrounding Mount Vesuvius, who was arrested and killed at Naples on the 14th inst.

Antonio Cozzolino—this is the real name of Pilone—was born at Resina in 1825, and followed the trade of a stonecutter until he attained the age of twenty-one, when he was called upon to enter the Neapolitan army. He was still serving in the Royal Artillery at the time when General Fanti conceived the unlucky idea of sending Francesco II.'s disbanded soldiers home. On their being again called to service, Pilone, and many others besides, took flight and turned professed brigands. His superior energy and intelligence very soon gave him chief command over all the robbers infesting the country, and he has been nearly the only one among them who has invariably succeeded during the last ten years in escaping the search and eluding the pursuit of the Italian army and police. He very often had the temerity to venture even a



THE LATE TORCHLIGHT MEETING IN NEW PALACE-YARD, WESTMINSTER.—(SEE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES," OCT. 22, PAGE 263.)

far as the precincts of the capital itself. He it was who captured and detained as prisoner the deputy Avitabile, at that time director of the Neapolitan Bank. He went, moreover, twice to Rome; once, it is said (but, of course, we are at liberty to believe as much of this *on-dit* as we please), at the express command of Francesco II., who is said to have bestowed on him a decoration; the second time by order of the Pope, who wished to imprison him, and kept him there several months. He has been condemned to death no less than three times, which is not too much when we learn that among the innumerable murders he has committed during his lifetime, twelve, at least, have been judicially brought home to him. The most conspicuous among these crimes, is, perhaps, his assassination of the sergeant of the Carabinieri, De Gasparis, who was courageous enough to attempt to arrest him alone and unassisted. What with the terror he inspired and the sympathy he often succeeded in exciting—especially by his proverbial generosity and notorious piety (for, whether feigned or genuine, he, at any rate, gave himself out for a fervent devotee)—he had always found plenty of people ready to conceal him, and even enjoyed the saintly appellation or surname of *Cavaliere Sant' Antonio*. Nevertheless, since the active administration of the new Prefect of Naples, Marchese d'Afflitto, Pilone had begun to feel less at ease. Almost all his accomplices and *manutengoli* in the ordinary theatre of his exploits had been successively captured, and people on whom even the vaguest suspicion of complicity or friendship with him rested were liable to arrest. So he thought it more prudent to draw near Naples and contrive to make sure of some safe places of refuge both in the town itself and in the immediate suburbs. He was the *compare* (godfather) of half the population between Oltano and Boscoreale; and, as the title of *compare* is far more respected in that part of the world than that of father or brother, he met with the most extraordinary discretion and fidelity among his allies, the inhabitants of the villages round Naples and of the city itself. He was frequently to be seen in town; and upon one occasion a certain Marchese R., when walking across the Piazza Reale, observed a servant of his speaking with a suspicious-looking fellow, and, on questioning him, the man, trembling, confessed that it was the notorious Pilone. The brigand, imagining himself now to be in perfect safety, and finding himself, moreover, short of cash, took to organising a system of *ricatti*, as they are called in Italy, or forcing wealthy people to give him large sums of money by threatening letters; and, as they had considerably more fear of him than confidence in the police, they never dared to denounce the man, who was meanwhile plundering them in private at his ease. Since *Cavaliere Colmeyer*, however, has been at the head of the police in Naples, Pilone had enjoyed less and less tranquillity, a very severe surveillance having been established over the quarters he was most in the habit of frequenting, such as Forio, Mercato, and the lower parts of the city. Among the officers employed in tracking him was a certain Petrillo, who reminds me forcibly of the sergeant de police bent on taking Jean Valjean, in Victor Hugo's "Misérables." This man seems to have taken up his profession from vocation, and to exercise it artistically. He possesses the *feu sacré*, the disinterestedness, the indefatigable zeal of the man who is determined upon accomplishing his end. Now, Petrillo, it seems, had made the capture of this famous brigand the one aim of his life, and, after numerous fruitless attempts, finally succeeded. Here the different accounts cease to agree. According to some, it was a friend of *Cavaliere Sant' Antonio*, some treacherous accomplice of the brigand, or some intended benefactor of his country, who gave information to the police to the effect that Pilone was expected on the 14th under the bridge of the Arenaccia, where he was to receive a *ricatto* he had imposed on a proprietor of *basco tre case*, living at Naples. Others maintain that the victim himself denounced to the authorities the intended spoliation, and was ordered, in consequence, to follow up the business. However this may be, Pilone was in town as soon as the 10th inst., and the policemen, coming across him several times, had ample opportunity to note his features and dress, so as not to be liable to mistake his identity on the approaching day. So on the 14th, when the man who was to pay the *ricatto* alighted from the omnibus near the Orto Botanico he found his brigand faithful to the rendezvous. He would have been easy to recognise by a slight limp of the left foot, even had he not been clothed in his habitual costume—a white flat hat, violet cravat, black velvet jacket, black waistcoat, and striped trousers. He carried a rough stick in his hand, wore blue spectacles on his nose, had cut off his beard, and only retained his black whiskers, already tinged with grey. While the *ricattato* was counting out the money Petrillo pounced upon Pilone and seized him, while several police agents in plain clothes approached. The herculean strength of this officer, however, was not a match for the terrible hero of the *Ve-nusius*, who succeeded in freeing himself from the iron grasp of his enemy, and almost knocked him down with his stick. He then threw himself between the legs of his assailant, saying, repeatedly, "*Sono tradito! Sono tradito!*" (I am betrayed), unsheathed his dagger, dealing wounds recklessly on all sides with it, and distributed sundry kicks with his feet. In the struggle he received a stab from a dagger belonging to one of the agents in his right side, and again fell to the ground, this time to rise no more. The corpse was laid on a bier and carried in triumph to the *questura*. All the town rushed out to see *il terrore della montagna*, and all that day and the next following people continued assembling before the Palazzo San Giacomo. It became necessary to place sentinels at the gates in order to prevent the multitude from invading the house. A deputation of the lower classes actually came to *Cavaliere Colmeyer*, and requested that the dead body might be publicly exposed; but he wisely refused. In the evening, however, it was brought to the Campo Santo Vecchio, whither the mob proceeded. Many carriages were to be seen there, for there was scarcely a Neapolitan who did not try to catch a glimpse of the body; one touched it with his stick, another put his hand into the wound; all more or less insulted the corpse, so that once more a guard was required to protect the dead man. He is described as robust, without corpulency, and his complexion is said to be remarkably fair. His features had a calm, almost dignified, expression, and were regular and agreeable. His hands and feet were exceedingly small—aristocratic, as an eye-witness of his capture expresses himself; the whole appearance of the body, in short, placid and attractive.

On him the police found several objects, which we may enumerate, as they are eloquently demonstrative of the strange mental condition of the man and the singular contradiction between his conduct and alleged, perhaps unfeigned, faith. There was a common little portfolio, with a great many letters bearing different addresses, according to the numerous feigned names which the brigand was wont to assume. On one side of the portfolio were written, in his own rough handwriting, several verses directed to the Saviour. This was not the only token of his fervent piety; for he wore a little armlet with the image of St. Ciro round his neck, and carried in his pocket a little brass reliquaire, containing fragments of the bones of Santa Francesca, San Colombo, San Giattino, and a bit of the Holy Virgin's veil; besides an image of Santa Maria delle Paladi, a meditation on the Passion of our Saviour, a paper with the words "Antonio Cazzolino, I am the son of Mary *addolorata*, for in the heaven is the Lord, and nobody is more master than he." Further were found a half-sheet of the *Gazzetta del Popolo* of May 20; an elementary alphabet, with the catechism, which seems to have served the purpose of a spelling-book; a white cambric handkerchief of the finest texture, with two P's and a crown embroidered in the corner of it, and another common red and white neckerchief; 40f. in paper money, and a few sous; a photograph of his own estimable person; a letter which has not been shown; his long dagger, and (a still more dangerous weapon) a match-box. In order to strike terror into the hearts of his victims, he used to say to them, "You must either pay me so much or I shall set fire to your house," showing the match-box; and, indeed, he more than

once executed his threat. The inexhaustible pockets of this sanctified brigand contained a great many more articles; for instance, a small linen bag, wherein were figures of saints—among others, that of the Virgin, San Joseph, and the Bambino, with the words "Gesù, Giuseppe, Maria—Vi dono il cuore e l'anima mia;" an image of Notre Dame de Salette, and several others besides. But the crown of all was a Host, wrapped in paper, both wafer and paper red with blood, wine, or the dye of the red flannel he wore. By all this it may be seen that the legend did not err concerning him, for he had his legend to the following effect:—"Cavaliere Sant' Antonio, having always carried about him relics of the Saints and our Saviour, 'duly consecrated in the form of the Host,' was invulnerable to gun or sword." In this latter point the legend, however, proved false; and the photograph had wellnigh proved a better defence than the Host itself, for it had been perforated in the middle by the mortal stab.

NEW MUSIC.

The Reaper's Wooing. Ballad. Words and Music by JOSEPH L. RICHARDSON. London: Pitman.

A young lady is here supposed to relate how her heart was won by a reaper "amongst the yellow corn." The process was, we are told, "short and earnest," and at least two stages thereof are distinctly specified, half the heart surrendering some time in the morning and the remainder giving up by noontide. A good deal is said, of course, about the bliss incidental to such an event; and the narrative ends with perfectly natural laudation of merry harvest-time. Mr. Richardson's poetry is not first class, but it is far better than his music—in parts of which the melody belongs to one scale and the accompaniment to another. We would advise a course of elementary lessons in composition preparatory to another effort.

Deux Valse Caprices. Par FREDERIC COWEN. London: Boosey and Co.

These very graceful and pleasing compositions are calculated to be useful, because, while gratifying the prevailing demand for light and showy music, their character is of a high order. Many reasons exist why composers of ability—and Mr. Cowen, though very young, belongs to their number—should provide for other than refined and classic tastes. To the vast majority of those who say they love music, anything above mere tune is incomprehensible, and they will never know any better unless genuine composers unbend somewhat, and write that which can be "understood of the people." Doing this, they do more than give pleasure, because the veriest bagatelle from a musician's pen has a tendency to rise above itself, which must act upon those it influences. The works before us are examples of this fact, and not even the greatest lover of musical frivolity can make their acquaintance without being improved as well as pleased. The themes, in nearly every case, are agreeable; and an entire absence of commonplace will make both caprices welcome where values can seldom get a hearing. In neither are there any difficulties likely to stand in the way of ordinary executants.

Rondo à la Turque. Pour le Piano. Par FREDERIC H. COWEN. London: Boosey and Co.

This is written in the conventional style known (whether truthfully or not is of small consequence) as "*à la Turque*," and the key of A minor has been chosen, almost as a matter of course. The music is good of its kind, and those who love the kind will be pleased with it. A comparative absence of difficulty forms another recommendation.

The Withered Primrose. Song. Words by Frank Marshall; Music by FLORENCE MARSHALL. London: Lamborn Cock and Co.

A story and its application are here. The primrose, dying for want of moisture, bewails its unhappy fate. In the night comes a refreshing shower, the plant lifts its head again, and the birds sing congratulations which before were dirges. Moral—Love falls upon the withered heart like rain upon the thirsty flower, and makes it bloom again. All this is expressed in verses of merit above the average, with which the music is worthily associated. Starting in F minor with a tender and melancholy strain, accompanied by arpeggios, the rescue of the primrose is blithely told in the dominant major (six-eight), after which a return is made to the original key and theme, followed by a coda in F major. There are many happy touches in the composition, and only in the last movement do we find those restless modulations which often mark an undue straining after effect. We can commend the song as more than respectable.

Longing. Ballad. By L. J. C. Composed by FREDERIC H. COWEN. London: Boosey and Co.

Mr. Cowen has here set some ordinary love-verses to a melody which cannot boast of any originality nor of much attractiveness. Nevertheless, the song, as a whole, is interesting on account of the musician's skill shown in its construction. The accompaniment is a welcome relief from the forms generally used; while the appearance in the middle of each division of the opening phrase, not in the tonic G but in B flat major, is a device of the happiest and most effective kind. We need not describe the subject of the verses, the title of the song being quite enough.

Chappell's Organ Journal: consisting of Favourite Movements selected from the Works of the Great Masters. Arranged for the Organ with Pedal Obbligato by the most Eminent Organists. Nos. 6, 7, and 8. London: Chappell and Co.

The first duty of every organist is to work written specially for his instrument. This discharged, there is no valid reason why adaptations such as those in Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s Journal should not have a share of notice. The work before us enjoys, therefore, a *raison d'être*; and one all the more indisputable because nothing but the finest music is arranged by no other than the best hands. No. 6 contains an *andante* from a quartet by Mozart, which Mr. George R. Griffiths has adapted not only with a proper regard to the genius of the instrument, but also to the requirements of the music. The pedal obbligato is singularly easy throughout, and need not perplex even a beginner. In No. 7 the same arranger presents an *adagio* by Haydn, of equal beauty, and not less moderate in its demands on the performer's skill. Mr. J. Hiles has prepared the contents of No. 8 from Hummel's *Romanza* (op. 104), a movement fitted, both in regard to length and character, for use as a voluntary. Our hearty commendation is given to all three pieces.

EFFECTS OF THE WAR ON TRADE.—Sir Thomas Bazley, M.P., in the course of a political address delivered at Manchester, on Tuesday evening, in connection with the National Reform Union, said, with reference to the war, that he was sorry to find that there were people in this country who sympathised in the destruction of property as a means, as they think, of giving an impulse to our home trade. The idea of war being beneficial to property or industry in any form was, Sir Thomas Bazley said, a gross delusion. If we look at the operation of war on our own markets, we see that as the war has increased in intensity so has the depression become greater as an example; and now when peace is again talked of, and the probability of returning peace is sanctioned by a few facts, that moment we see activity beginning again to extend itself in Liverpool and also in Manchester. He hoped the experience we were now having of the horrors of war would lead us seriously to consider whether something could not be done to establish international arbitration as a means of settling national disputes.

THE LIVERPOOL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE on Wednesday, in considering the inaccuracy and delay frequently occurring in telegraphic communications, more particularly with regard to messages between Liverpool and New York, adopted a memorial to the Postmaster-General in favour of providing a separate and direct wire from Valencia for such messages. In the course of the discussion Mr. Macfie, M.P., strongly urged the desirability of a system of receipts for messages.

THE IMPERIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NAPOLEON III. AND M. OLLIVIER.

The publication of the Imperial correspondence still continues, and furnishes several points of historical interest. The ninth part is devoted to documents bearing on the accession to power of M. Emile Ollivier, who, summoned too late to save the Imperial régime, already tottering to its fall, has become, so to speak, the Mirabeau of the Empire. Scarcely a year ago, he writes to M. Clement Duvernois, some time editor of the *Peuple Français*, and who, in this instance, acted as intermediary between the Emperor and the Opposition deputy:—"I believe that war, far from settling anything, will confuse and compromise all. If the commercial world did not fear it, people's minds would become more calm. The moment for opposing Prussia is irrevocably passed, and the safety and grandeur of the Empire can only be secured by respecting the principle of nationalities, which the Emperor was the first to proclaim. 'If he opposes it, it will conquer him.' And nine months afterwards this same deputy, become Minister, rushes into war with 'a light heart.' Did he remember the prophecy he had made, which was to be so strangely fulfilled? How the following sentence in the same letter reminds one of the kind of notes that Mirabeau used to send the unfortunate Marie Antoinette!—"If the Emperor thinks he can make use of me, let him get all the advantage possible out of me; I will insert a notification in the *Moniteur* charging me with the formation of a Ministry. This will startle people, and be of use."

Three days afterwards, Oct. 5, 1869, we have another letter, in which Ollivier examines the attitude of the Chamber, advises what course the Emperor should follow with regard to it, and how the Ministry should be formed. In this communication he exhibits a fear of Rouher's reactionary policy, and of his enmity to himself, which seems to have been completely justified by after events. Next comes his secret interview with the Emperor at Compiègne. On Oct. 30 M. Pietri writes to M. Duvernois that his Majesty has consented to receive M. Ollivier; and, in order to ensure secrecy and avoid any comments of the press, the latter is directed to leave Paris by a train which starts in the evening after dark, and to return the next morning before daybreak. He is advised to cover his face with a scarf. M. Duvernois's reply, marked private and immediate, is as follows:—"Ollivier will leave this evening at eight o'clock. He will cover his head with a scarf, and will not wear his spectacles. This will prevent his being recognised."

The Emperor seems at first to have desired that Ollivier should join the Ministry then in power, instead of forming a new one. This plan the deputy combats forcibly in a letter to M. Duvernois of Nov. 7, and announces his intention of withdrawing from the negotiation. On the 8th the latter writes to Napoleon that he has seen Ollivier, and has handed him the letter with which he had been charged. He gives hopes of some arrangement being come to. Next follows a long series of letters giving every step of the negotiation up to the formation of the Ministry. We extract the most curious passages. On Nov. 10, 1870, the future Prime Minister writes to Duvernois:—"Announce me in the *Peuple* in such a way as to efface the impression of your last articles. If you come to the Interior (it was proposed to make him Under-Secretary of State), you must mean liberty, not reaction." The next day he has decided to cast in his lot with the Imperial régime. "The Emperor's letter is so confiding and noble that it triumphs over all my scruples. I have made up my mind, and am ready to march to the combat." This does not, however, prevent his offering good advice to his Sovereign, for on the 12th he writes:—"Call young men to your aid, Sire; they alone can save your son; the egotistical old men who surround you think only of themselves. . . . This change in our officials is absolutely necessary; otherwise you will perish of inanition in the midst of the incapable and pusillanimous cohort of your functionaries." Some fear seems to have been entertained of the behaviour of M. Emile de Girardin, and about this time we find Ollivier writing to the editor of the *Peuple Français*. "You will do well to try and mollify Girardin a little. If he attacks us in a couple of months time it will not matter, but it is necessary to have him with us at the commencement." On Dec. 31 M. Duvernois declines the post of Minister of Commerce on the ground that he cannot agree with the principles of M. Magne, who was to be Minister of Finance. Not the least curious portion of this correspondence are two letters which clearly exhibit the Emperor's connection with the *Peuple Français*. In the former of these M. Duvernois informs M. Conti that on retiring from the post of editor he finds that he has been overpaid to the extent of 30,000fr., which sum he offers to refund by instalments; and, in reply, the Emperor requests him to retain it as a reward for the excellent services he had rendered.

In October, 1867, M. Rouher drew up for his master a very able report, intended as a guide in the choice of a Minister of the Interior. M. Rouher goes through the list of possible candidates, weighing the merits of one against the other, and sketching their characters with shrewdness and impartiality. Among the rejected is M. Emile Ollivier, described as full of an enthusiasm marred by unfortunate infatuation and tangled in the cross threads of various opinions and intrigues. As for M. Emile Ollivier's previous factious opposition, M. Rouher contemptuously rates it as a fire of straw which a few *satisfactions* would easily extinguish, were it worth while. This State paper is instinct throughout with that clever management of men and affairs which, till it gave way altogether, was the sure foundation of the Imperial system. M. de Persigny, who stands the light of these documents better than most of the Imperial clique, whose sagacity has always a touch of frankness and honesty, distinguishing it from M. Rouher's adroitness, writes a warning letter in December, 1867, showing that he saw clearly enough that all this manipulation of men and events had almost reached its limit. M. de Persigny, after discussing for four pages a *projet de loi sur la Presse*, concludes thus:—

"Now, Sire, that I have finished this subject I shall not return to it, for, I confess, I have not the spirit to deal with such secondary matters in the presence of the grave questions of the day; of the empire crumbling on all sides, of a relentless warfare continuing from success to success, and waged by those who, under the pretext of establishing a Parliamentary Government, have sworn your ruin. . . . I have watched the recent debates; I have seen on one side the most virulent hatred, and something more than hatred, aimed at you and you only; on the other side, your Government bending before its enemies, humbly asking its bitter adversaries to withdraw their demands, and abandoning in a moment of weakness the policy of fourteen years. . . . As for me, I repeat I have no longer the courage to pursue abstract studies in the midst of anarchy. If your Majesty does not see the evil, what is the good of making plans of improvement for a house which is on fire, and, if you do see it, why isolate yourself from your most devoted servants, why admit no one into the secret of your preoccupations in order to find the means of changing this state of things?"

IMPERIALISM AND THE PRESS.

The relations of the Imperial Government with the press are laid bare in the papers numbered 41, 43, 44, 26, and 9, in printing which the editors say they have made a very moderate selection from a heap of documents all clearly damning. On Jan. 2, 1867, M. Théophile Silvestre, ex-editor of the *Yellow Dwarf*, the *Figaro*, and the *Tenth of December*, begs M. Pietri to thank the Emperor for a pension of £40 a month. This journalist concludes a most fulsome epistle with "What is our fixed idea? mine, yours, our friends', and all the world's? The longest possible duration of the Emperor's life and reign, and the glorious future of the Prince Imperial." In No. 43 M. Gregory Ganesco, also of the *Yellow Dwarf*, does his best to sell himself to the Empire, offering "to defend it against Orleansism." No. 44 gives the items of an account of £590 paid to the daily journal *Le Peuple*; No. 26 compromises *Le Pays*, but No. 9 is an elaborate

report emanating from the Ministry of the Interior, "Sur l'organisation de la Presse en vue des Elections." It is dated April 15, 1869, and is given as an instance of the way in which the Government "manipulated universal suffrage, and prepared public opinion by the help of subsidised journals." We learn that the Minister had at his absolute command 150 journals, and that he could altogether count upon a majority of 180 over the Opposition. But this majority, says the bureau writer, is rather in numbers than in power, and he recommends that fresh exertions be made to strengthen the hands of the Government in the two months there are yet to spare before the elections. An *entente cordiale* must be established between the prefects, the proprietors of the journals, the deputies, and the candidates. Twenty-seven journals must be organised in the provinces, and thirty-three writers must be sent from Paris. This will cost £2000; the "budget de la Presse départementale" requires altogether a credit of at least £4000. Opposition journals must, also, be indirectly influenced, and this can be done by turning the Havas telegraphic monopoly to account—that is to say, by tampering with the telegrams. The Belgian journal *Le Nord* can be made to serve a turn now and then; and, to crown all, the bureau has relations with more than twenty English and German journals, "dont plusieurs de premier ordre." The report concludes with a congratulation that, if its recommendations are adopted, the Government will show a good front at the approaching elections. "Les instruments sont prêts; ils obéissent sans peine à une impulsion supérieure." A schedule of journals and editors and their prices is appended; we must say that none of the bribes are very exorbitant. In one instance the préfet requires only £20. "Pour un rédacteur économique," French journalists appear to have appraised themselves very cheaply, but probably at their full value.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

The *Daily News* is authorised to publish the following statement:—

"Notwithstanding what is insinuated, and even affirmed, in certain English journals pretending to have the best information, the Empress Eugénie has taken no part in any one of the combinations referred to, having for their object either peace or an armistice. The salon at Chiselhurst has not become, in any sense, an official salon. It is still that of an exile, and if its doors are open to those who knock for admittance, it is not to afford them a field for discussing peace or war.

"General Boyer, the envoy of Marshal Bazaine, may have approached the Empress with a view to propositions of peace or war to be submitted to Prussia; but he was received with no more favour than were the emissaries of M. de Bismarck on a previous occasion. When a former envoy of the Chancellor of the North German Confederation came to propose peace, declaring that King William was disposed to content himself with 250,000 French inhabitants, Strasburg included, the Empress replied, with great energy, that, so long as an enemy was in France, and so long as there was any question of the smallest cession of territory, she would hold aloof from every negotiation. The events of the last month have made no change in her resolution; and, so far as the efforts of General Boyer have been directed to this point, they have completely failed.

"Nor could the mission of General Boyer have had for its object to consult the Empress as to the propriety of surrendering Metz at this moment. That is only one way of concealing the real object of his journey. Marshal Bazaine, confident in the strength of his position as a General who has suffered no defeat, and at the head of the only French army which still exists, thinks himself entitled to exercise not a little influence on the question whether peace shall be made or hostilities continue. He would gladly make himself indispensable; would gladly be the dictator with whom the enemy should have to treat, taking the lead both of the Government which sits at Tours and of that which is shut up in Paris. He would rejoice that France should owe peace or victory to him, and to him only. That is a respectable ambition, exaggerated as it may perhaps be; but it must not be inferred that Marshal Bazaine would rather conclude a peace favourable to the Napoleonic dynasty than in accordance with the true interests of his country.

"There is, then, no particle of truth in the stories told about the interview at Chiselhurst, and it can scarcely be necessary to add that the approaching journey of the Empress to King William's headquarters belongs, like all the rest, to that domain of invention in which the subtle genius of Prussia, coming to the aid of her present difficulties, has contrived during the last few weeks to lead us astray.

"Prince Napoleon, who had taken sides with those who would, perhaps, have wished to induce the Empress to commit an indiscretion, has had his labour for his pains; while his violent recriminations against the past policy of the empire had no other result than to compel him to listen to some harsh truths from his illustrious cousin, and to cause him to quit Chiselhurst somewhat suddenly—where, indeed, his reception had been of the coldest."

In reference to the above statement, Prince Napoleon has addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Daily News*:—

Sir,—I read an article in your number of the 26th, in which you mention my name, ascribing quite incorrect conduct to me, to which I give, as far as I am concerned, a total contradiction. I have come to England on private business; I have not seen General Boyer, who left before my arrival; I have not seen General Boyer, whose mission I heard of through the newspapers. As to my relations with Chiselhurst the facts are these:—on my arrival I went to pay my respects to my cousin and her son; I returned there summoned by a telegraphic despatch. As to what passed with the Empress, permit me to say nothing to the public; those who know me know that my opinions have always been as loyal as they are liberal. I have the highest esteem for Marshal Bazaine, for his glorious army so devoted to France, as well as to its oath, and for the preservation of which it seemed to me everything ought to be attempted. I regret that your article, authorised I know not by whom, compels me to break a silence I should have wished to maintain.—I am, &c., NAPOLEON (JEROME).

TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK ON THE IRISH COAST.

THE steam-ship *Cambria*, belonging to the Anchor line of packets, and commanded by Captain Carnigan, was wrecked off the coast of Donegal on Wednesday night, Oct. 19. All on board have, it is feared, perished, with the exception of one man, a steerage passenger, named John McGartland. His statement is substantially as follows:—About eleven o'clock on Wednesday night week the *Cambria*, which was under canvas and steam, and proceeding at a rapid pace, struck on the Inistrahull rock, about seven miles S.S.E. of the Heads, at the entrance of Lough Foyle, and the vessel immediately commenced to fill with water. It became at once evident that a large hole had been made in the ship. The engine fires were put out, the crew and passengers rushed on deck, and orders were given to launch the small boats. Four boats were accordingly let down, into one of which McGartland got, along with about fifteen other passengers. The boats quickly drifted from the wreck, and McGartland cannot say what became of those which parted from him. The boat in which he secured a seat was almost immediately capsized, and, after regaining consciousness, he found himself grasping the gunwale of the boat, which by this time had righted. He succeeded in getting into the boat, and he then discovered the body of a lady, dressed in black silk, under the seat. He tried whether any consciousness still remained in his fellow-passenger, but he soon saw that life had fled. The lady had no doubt been drowned when the boat was upset. McGartland spent the night, from between ten and eleven o'clock, in the open boat, tossed about by waves which every moment threatened to engulf him, until half-past two next morning, when he was fortunately picked up by the *Enterprise*. Captain Gillespie put about his vessel and sailed round the scene of the disaster for some time; and Mr. Bradley, his mate, at great personal risk, succeeded in rescuing the survivor from the boat. The *Cambria* had left New York on the 9th inst., and had made a good passage to the entrance of the Foyle. As nearly as can be known there were 170 or 180 souls on board. Inistrahull, where the wreck took place, is a most dangerous rock off the coast, and is carefully guarded by a lighthouse.

The steamer *Islay*, from Islay, which arrived at Glasgow on Wednesday, reports that the stern of the lost steamer *Cambria* has come ashore on the island of Islay, and that she had passed great quantities of wreck. A body was also seen floating, but it was not picked up. A life-buoy, broken and lashed across with cords, was found on the Islay shore, but none of the boats are known to have turned up. Large quantities of wreckage have come ashore on the Kintyre coast.

SAVAGES IN NORTH DEVON.—Under this head, about twelve months ago, a paragraph appeared in the newspapers giving a description of a family living at Neymet Rowland, in North Devon. The paragraph attracted much attention at the time, and we are informed that, the Home Secretary requesting information with regard to these extraordinary people, the clerk to the magistrates in the division where they live sent a return of more than fifty summonses which had been issued against them by the magistrates for various offences. Since then, and during the last few days, the public in Devonshire have again had their attention attracted to this notorious family on account of some proceedings which a respectable farmer, named Partridge, living near them, instituted against them for, as he alleged, entrapping his cattle into a field belonging to them, which has no gate to it, impounding them, and charging Mr. Partridge a heavy sum. The case was tried at the county court, and Mr. Partridge obtained a verdict. Our correspondent paid a visit to the locality where the family in question reside. The family consists of an old man and woman, their son, three unmarried daughters, and a numerous progeny of little ones. They all live in an old barn propped up by posts, and this barn has neither window nor door. There is no dormitory in it; and one room, almost destitute of furniture, serves for every domestic purpose, a pit in it being the sleeping-place of the whole family. In the summer many members of the family have been seen in a state of almost nudity at work in the fields, and nameless vicious acts have been witnessed by the neighbours. The clergyman of the parish (the Rev. Mr. Parkinson) informed our correspondent that the words and deeds of these people were disgusting and abominable, and that it was not safe for a lady to pass near their wretched dwelling. The remonstrances of the minister are received with oaths, and he is saluted with odious names and obscene language. The daughters of the old man and woman, who are robust young women, have the voices and manners of rough men. They use the foulest language to passers-by who may be obnoxious to them, and often vigorously assault those whom they dislike. On one occasion one of them attacked a respectable farmer of the neighbourhood, Mr. Carver, with such ferocity that he fainted from loss of blood, and he bears the marks of the blows on him to this day. Encounters between them and neighbours are frequent, and a gun has sometimes been fired from the old barn by concealed hands, when these fights have been going on. The savageries of these people are indescribable, and the annoyance and alarm they have caused to the neighbourhood is a subject of loud complaint. Many members of the family have suffered imprisonment for divers offences, but they have only returned again to renew their depredations and their nameless obscenities. Missionaries in foreign lands never encountered a tribe of savages who required civilising more than this wretched tribe of people in North Devon.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—A serious accident occurred at the Bishopstoke junction early on Tuesday morning. A special cattle-train, consisting of thirty-two waggons, with cattle for Chichester Fair, dashed into the station at full speed and came into contact with a number of loaded waggons in a siding. The driver was killed on the spot, and the stoker died on Wednesday. It appears that the train should have stopped at the junction; but, although the whistle was sounded half a mile before reaching the station, no break was put on by the guards, of whom there were three. The



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engine was thrown back about twenty-five yards; it turned round and fell on its side: the waggons were smashed, and about fifty head of cattle killed. Three waggons were thrown one upon another, the cattle in the uppermost one not being injured. The catastrophe, however, might have been still worse than it has proved, as the up-mail passenger-train was standing at the time at the Bishopstoke platform; so that if the cattle-train had not been stopped by the coal-waggons it would have rushed into that laden with passengers.

DESTITUTION AND DEATH.—On Tuesday evening Mr. Humphreys held an inquiry at the Duke of Wellington Tavern, Wellington-street, Bethnal-green, respecting the death of William Frederick Watson, aged thirty-one. Thomas Watson, 53, Queen's-road, Dalston, a painter, stated that the deceased was his brother, and lived at No. 10, Norton-street, Bethnal-green. He was a house painter, and some time ago his wife died, leaving him with two children, both girls, aged six and two years and a half. He fell into a state of great destitution, and on Friday week, when witness went to see him, he found him lying ill upon a bed. He was suffering from an attack of painter's colic, or lead poisoning. Witness went to the Bethnal-green relieving officer, and upon arriving at his house saw the servant, who said that her master was out, and would not be home for some hours. Witness then returned to his brother, and told him what the girl had said. On the morning of Saturday the landlady of the deceased went to the relieving officer, and obtained an order from him, and she took it to Mr. Massingham, the parish doctor, and he sent it on to Mr. Rogerson, his assistant. As that gentleman did not call, witness went three times to his surgery and once to his house. Between three and four o'clock on Saturday evening he saw him, and told him how bad his brother was. The doctor replied, "I won't be a minute; give him some castor oil." Witness said, as the man was dying, castor oil would be useless to him; the doctor had better come to see him at once. Even if castor oil could have saved his brother's life, witness had no money to buy it. The doctor never came till twenty minutes past five o'clock, and then his brother was dead. Witness told the doctor that his brother was foaming at the mouth, and that he could not swallow. Mr. John Rogerson, M.R.C.S., said that he received the order at ten minutes past twelve o'clock on Saturday. The order was marked, "said to be urgent," but at the time he did not notice that indorsement. He was the authorised parish assistant of Dr. Massingham. Had he noticed the indorsement on the order he would have made a push to see the man before half-past five in the afternoon. He got round to the patient as soon as he could. He had forty-six pauper patients to see that day, and he had to attend three women in confinement. He felt certain that he had done his duty, for he had been on his feet from morning until night. Besides attending to the pauper patients, he had to attend to two other practices, as well as his own and Dr. Massingham's. A horrible incident transpired in

connection with the deplorable occurrence. The two little daughters of the deceased were in the room while their father was dying, and the eldest caught hold of his hand and screamed violently. After their uncle left the room—which, last Saturday evening, they and the corpse of their father occupied—they were left the whole night with the dead body. On Sunday forenoon they were found to be, when visited by Mr. Burrows, in a starving condition, and there was no food in the room. They have been removed to the work-house. The jury, after some consultation, returned a verdict of "Death from congestion of the lungs and lead poisoning; and we request the Coroner to admonish the medical gentleman to be more careful in future in reading orders marked 'urgent';" but, taking into consideration that he had forty pauper patients to attend to and three midwifery cases, we are of opinion that, under all the circumstances, he did as much as the time would allow him to do; and we are further of opinion that he gave his evidence in a very frank and candid manner."

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, OCT. 21.

BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.—J. MACDONALD, Fen-church-street, City, licensed victualler.—F. OSWIN, Upper Berkeley-street, dentist.—J. WILD and J. COCKER, Oldham, cotton-waste dealers.
BANKRUPT.—G. MADDER, Walkwood-road, victualler.—W. F. NOAKES and G. CARLISLE, Finch-lane, City, solicitors.
H. TAYLOR, Westway-road, Harrow-road.—J. BANNATYNE, Leeds, draper.—H. AYLETT, Havering-atte-Bower and Navestock, book and shoe maker.—G. BELLAMY, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, builder.—E. J. CHAPMAN, Brighton, joiner.—T. GROVES, Bishopwearmouth, tailor.—W. JACOB, Gorseston, builder.—S. FULLER, Peterborough, ironkeeper.—S. MOORE, Chilton, ironmonger.—N. C. RICHARDSON, St. Lawrence, Jersey, shipowner, and Bombay, ironfounder.—W. TOMKINS, Plumstead, general dealer.—G. THOMAS, Littlehampton, iron and brass founder.
SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—R. W. BRUCE, Dundee, draper.—J. LAFFERTY, Carrington, gardener.—G. McKELLAR, Cupar Angus, draper.—T. RENISON, Glasgow, ship and insurance broker.—W. CAMERON, Burghhead, fishcurer.—A. FYFE, Edinburgh, teacher.—J. CAMERON, Hopeman, fishcurer.—T. KELLY, Bathgate, grocer.

TUESDAY, OCT. 25.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—J. TODD, Howard-road, South Hornsey, licensed victualler.
BANKRUPT.—W. BODGER, High Holborn, draper.—E. MANNION, Castle-street, Falcon-square, shoe factor's agent.—H. REVILL, Church-street, Edgware-road, upholsterer.—T. ROBERTS, New Bond-street, dentist.—R. ABBOTSON, Burton-in-Kendal-gardens.—J. BARTLE, Bradford, plasterer and grocer.—T. D. BULLOCK, Balderton, farmer.—J. SHANN, Leeds, general merchant.—J. GOLDSMITH, Colney Hatch, draper.
SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—W. FAIRIE, Stirling, fisher.—J. BOSKILL, Glasgow, manufacturer.—W. BARCLAY, Aberdeen, solicitor.—J. WATT, Hart-hill, Lanarkshire.—A. COWIE, Glasgow and Grangemouth, contractors.

G A B R I E L'S PREPARATIONS FOR THE TEETH. Sold by Chemists, Perfumers, and by the Manufacturers, Messrs. Gabriel, Dentists (Established 1815), 64, Ludgate-hill, City; and 56, Harley-street, W.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a Chemist and get a Bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately; it is perfectly harmless; it produces natural quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It is very pleasant to take; it soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Sold by all Medicine-Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

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of the
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and the Leading Generals in the Franco-German War;
Astronomical Diagrams; Remarkable Phenomena, with
Explanatory Notes;
TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SPORTING DOGS,
by S. Carter, as Headings to the Calendar;
The Royal Family of Great Britain; the Queen's Household;
Banks; Law and University Terms; Fixed and Movable
Festivals; Anniversaries; Acts of Parliament passed during the
year; Revenue and Expenditure; Obituary of Emi-
nent Persons; Christian, Jewish and Mohammedan Calendars;
Tables of Stamps, Taxes, and Government Duties; Times of
High Water; Post-Office Regulations; together with a large
amount of useful and valuable information, which has during
the past twenty three years made the ILLUSTRATED LONDON
ALMANACK the most acceptable and elegant companion to
the library of the drawing room table; whilst it is universally
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